Tarzan Realism and The United Nations . . . By Houston Peterson

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by Walter Lippmann
Reviewed by Edward Mead Earle

"THE LATIN AMERICAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES"
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"MIRACLE IN HELLAS"
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WALTER LIPPMANN "pleads his case eloquently persuasively, and courageously" . . . (See page 5)

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of* LITERATURE

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Tarzan Realism

How to Swing From a Limb and Beat About the Bush at the Same Time

HOUSTON PETERSON

YES, he's a realist all right. He says so himself as he sets his jaw and lets out a low virile growl. No soft stuff for him—no sentiment, no theory, no sloppy idealism. He's not going to be taken in. He's not going to fall for the crazy notions of a bunch of intellectuals and wishful thinkers. No indeed, he's hard-boiled. He knows a fact when he sees one. He's a realist:—

"Common sense is the thing. Good old American common sense. The thing that made this country great. Our forefathers were practical men, not dreamers, and they didn't let sentiment stand in their way. Just like science or engineering—cold, impersonal, objective. Look at Einstein. Would a surgeon operate on his own daughter? Certainly not. You can't trust your feelings.

"Progress, reform? Sure, progress is all right in its place. But you've got to slow down, take it easy. This isn't the time for reform. Rome wasn't built in a day. Remember that self-preservation is the first law of nature and that every man has his price. There's nothing new under the sun and the future will be just about like the past.

"Why worry about the Hottentots? We've got enough to worry about right here in the U.S.A. All this talk about one world is globaloney. Some day we'll have to be fighting with the Japs against the Chinese and with the Germans against the Russians—just to maintain the balance of power. It's all a matter of geography.

"Confidentially, that surprise attack of the Japs on Pearl Harbor was a mighty shrewd move and that's all future historians will say about it,—if they mention it at all. And let's be fair to Hitler. You've got to admit that he was awfully clever in the way he got the Germans behind him by attacking the Jews. What if he didn't believe everything he said. He got results, didn't he? There were enough Jews to be pointed out but not enough to cause any real trouble. Why do you look so shocked? We've got to be realistic about these things."

What clarity, what confidence! All very virile, very impressive at the moment—like Tarzan on the screen—but there is less in him than meets the eye. After his make-up has been removed, along with the false hair on his chest, we are apt to find a person ignorant in history, loose in logic, deficient in courage. Like a near-sighted person, he is blind to the widening horizons of humanity. His lack of imagination means a lack of social intelligence. When he says that he is going to be realistic, it usually means that he is going to take a pot shot at something. He is almost incapable of generosity in his thinking because he is dominated by fear—fear of new ideas, fear of adventure, fear of making a mistake. He will never know "for whom the bell tolls." He will never know that we are all in the same boat—until it is too late.

One of his favorite devices is to pin the label of wishful thinker on anybody who has the slightest concern with the world of ideas. That tag, thrown about indiscriminately, *is forthwith attached to every argument that is in support of our hopes.* Taken literally and seriously, of course,

wishful thinking would paralyze all effort. Certainly wishful thinking is to be deplored when the wishes are trivial, capricious, absurd—but when they are deeply held and armored with knowledge and determination, they shape the course of history. That is a lesson, however, which has been peculiarly lost on our realistic friend.

IN 1776 he would have sneered at the Declaration of Independence as the work of impractical idealists. What chance had thirteen little colonies against the greatest empire in the world? Who told Jefferson and his friends that all men were entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—when most people can't even keep out of debt? In any case, why worry about "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind?" Mankind is busy with its own affairs.

Similarly, in 1787, our rugged realist would have been shocked by the proposed Constitution. Trying to make a single nation out of thirteen separate nations that could hardly stick together during the Revolution! Trying to make Virginians love Yankees! Trying to make citizens of Georgia and Massachusetts—weeks apart by stage-coach—obey the same laws! What do they think people are? Angels?

When the Southern states seceded from the Union and civil war broke out, what did cold realism indicate to President Lincoln? Why, let them go, of course. Don't shed good white blood over a lot of niggers. The game isn't worth the candle. There is room enough for several nations on this continent—just like Europe. They have managed to get along, haven't they? We will certainly be able to do business with the South—and that's the main thing.

Yet the foolish, unrealistic Lincoln let the war go on for month after month, with the Union suffering defeat after defeat, and in December, 1862, he had the nerve to indulge in

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high-flown sentiments that had nothing to do with the facts. For example: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty and we must rise to the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think and act anew." How these words must have irked the clear-eyed realist. He was to be irked even more profoundly a few years later when Lincoln advocated a generous and humane policy of Reconstruction—which could not be carried out after his death.

WOODROW WILSON and the League of Nations may be passed over quickly. It was obvious that a scholar, an ex-college president, would have his head in the clouds and his mind full of rosetinted illusions. It was obvious that he wanted us to get mixed up in the affairs of the world—which were really none of our business and never had been. Protected by two vast oceans and the Monroe Doctrine, we could go along quite well by ourselves. Just consider some of his reckless, utopian utterances, inspired by his love of England: "If the peace presently to be made is to endure, it must be a peace made secure by the organized force of mankind." "The arrangements of the present peace cannot stand a generation unless they are guaranteed by the united forces of the civilized world." Article X of the League Covenant says "that the members of this League . . . engage to respect and to preserve against all external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of the nations concerned. That promise is necessary to prevent this sort of war from recurring, and we are absolutely discredited if we fought this war and then neglect the essential safeguard against it." "America is necessary to the peace of the world. And reverse the proposition: the peace and good will of the world are necessary to America." What shocking and groundless assertions. Common sense trembled before them and then withdrew to normalcy with Harding, to coolness with Coolidge.

Today the Tarzan realists have another target, their biggest target in history: the United Nations idea. There is a continuity in their aim, however, for they are sniping away at the United Nations in a war Wilson had hoped to prevent. They would deny the very validity of the United Nations as an enduring principle. What such "realism" fails to realize is that the United Nations, bound together by danger, horror, and death, are cooperating in the most enormous task in the history of humanity. They encircle the earth "like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd." The fate of each affects the fate of every other. They are pooling their wealth, their wisdom, their manpower. Is it probable, is it necessary, that the United Nations will fall apart at the cessation of hostilities, go to bickering among themselves, return to their respective caves of national isolation? Will their leadership fail, their energies flag, and all their protestations of friendship come to nothing? That is possible and that is what is being predicted by the blustering little prophets of fear and Tarzan realism. It would be indiscreet of them to oppose the war effort directly, but they are doing their best to poison the minds of the American people against the great peace effort to come.

Among the individual targets of the myopic realists are Henry A. Wallace and Wendell Willkie. It is difficult to question the sincerity or the knowledge of the Vice President—but it is not difficult to take his sentences out of context or to ridicule his figures of speech by treating them as mathematical equations. He has been accused of preaching a doctrine of "world philanthropy," "an international WPA." He has seen such phrases as "utopian," "soggy sentimentality," and "dispensing of milk and honey" applied to his proposals. "But is it 'utopian'," he asks, "to foresee that South America, Asia, and Africa will in the future experience a development of industry and agriculture comparable to what has been the experience in the past in Europe and North America? Is it 'soggy sentimentality' to hold out hope to those millions in Europe and Asia fighting for the cause of human freedom—our freedom? Is it the 'dispensing of milk and honey' to picture to their minds the possible blessings of a higher standard of living when the war is over and their own productivity has increased?"

WALLACE'S speeches have become such symbols and subjects of controversy that it may be well to read them before passing judgment, especially "The Price of Free World Victory," of March 8, 1942; "America's Part in World Reconstruction," of December 28, 1942; and the address before the Conference on Christian Bases of World Order, on March 8, 1943. Such a reading leads one to suspect that it is the style, the tone, the human warmth of Wallace's speeches rather than their detailed content which so pain his detractors.

Wendell Willkie is harder to deal with. No one can deny that he is a man of enormous practical experience. No one can deny his growth in stature, or at least his change in outlook, during the past few years—as witness

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Policy for Survival

U. S. FOREIGN POLICY: SHIELD OF THE REPUBLIC. By Walter Lippmann. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. *xiii*, 177 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

IN this brief volume Mr. Lippmann pleads for an American foreign policy based upon the realities of strategy and world politics. He shows that during the period of 1899 to 1941 the policy of the United State avoided facing unavoidable decisions and hence moved from insolvency to complete bankruptcy. As a people we forgot the compelling and self-evident principle

> that in foreign relations, as in all other relations, a policy has been formed only when commitments and power have been brought into balance. This is the forgotten principle which must be recovered and restored to the first place in American thought if the nation is to achieve the foreign policy which it so desperately wants. Without the controlling principle that the nation must maintain its objectives and its power in equilibrium, its purposes within its means and its means equal to its purposes, its commitments related to its resources and its resources adequate to its commitments, it is impossible to think at all about foreign affairs. Yet the history of our acts and of our declarations in the past fifty years will show that rarely, and never consistently, have American statesmen and the American people been guided by this elementary principle of practical life.

When the foreign policy of a nation is bankrupt there must inevitably be "a grim accounting" in the form of war. For "insolvency in foreign policy will mean that preventable wars are not prevented, that unavoidable wars are fought without being adequately prepared for them, and that settlements are made which are the prelude to a new cycle of unprevented wars, unprepared wars, and unworkable settlements."

Hence the critical question which the American people face is what they are going to do with the victory which we are to win in the present war. If we cannot establish an equilibrium between our commitments, on the one hand, and our resources of force, on the other, we must reconcile ourselves to a recurrence of the present catastrophe within the lifetime of most persons now living. If we throw away the victory this time, as we did in 1919, it will be what Mr. Lippmann correctly calls a humiliating spectacle, casting doubt upon the capacity of this great nation to govern itself.

By a commitment Mr. Lippmann means an obligation "which may in the last analysis have to be met by waging war." By power he means "the force which is necessary to prevent such a war or to win it if it cannot be prevented," especially, of course, "the military force which can be mobilized effectively within the domestic territory of the United States and also the reinforcements which can be obtained from dependable allies."

In the modern world no nation possesses, alone and unaided, military and economic resources adequate to meet its commitments. Small countries, like Norway, the Netherlands, and Belgium, cannot mobilize adequate force to defend even their territorial integrity which, after all, is the very minimum commitment a nation can assume. Great powers, like Britain and the United States, clearly are unable, as has been demonstrated beyond doubt since 1931, to build a military establishment capable of protecting their far-flung territories and vital interests. Since no nation can stand by itself, each is faced by the imperative necessity, lest it fall, of seeking allies from among other nations with similar interests and must establish such political relationships as will promote its security. Mr. Lippmann therefore comes to the conclusion that a correct foreign policy for the United States, both during the present war and for the foreseeable future, is an alliance with Great Britain and Russia—a "nuclear" alliance in the sense that around it would be built a more stable world order guaranteeing security even for those nations not parties to the alliance itself.

This is Mr. Lippmann's case, and he pleads it eloquently, persuasively, and courageously. The clarity and cogency of the reasoning are of high standard even for Mr. Lippmann. This is, on the one hand, a learned book and, on the other, a brilliant piece of pamphleteering; it is in the great tradition of the *Federalist*, devoted to a cause of equal significance in an equally critical period of our history. This volume richly deserves the wide audience which it is certain to have and will provoke widespread discussion on the policy of the United States. If the debate is conducted with the dignity and reasonableness of Mr. Lippmann's volume, we shall be fortunate indeed.

—Grano

In an altogether delightful introduction Mr. Lippmann says, "The conclusions which I have set down in this book are drawn from experience. I was not born with them. I have come to them slowly over thirty years, and as a result of many false starts, mistaken judgments, and serious disappointments. They represent what I think I have learned, not at all what I always knew." He, like the rest of us, was confused in his thinking on the subjects of pacifism, disarmament, collective security, and that prize booby trap "no entangling alliances." He was irritated by Theodore Roosevelt's "militarism," which, in retrospect, seems to have had a large measure of common caution as well as a degree of egomaniacal irresponsibility. In 1914 he believed that Europe's affairs were no immediate concern of ours. "Although I knew," he says "that British-American sea power combined was necessary to our own security and to the maintenance of peace, nevertheless I was too weak-minded to take a stand against the exorbitant folly of the Washington Disarmament Conference" and even "celebrated the disaster" as a triumph of statesmanship, whereas, in fact, it rendered us impotent against subsequent Japanese aggression." There are few among us who can plead innocent where Mr. Lippmann pleads guilty.

Part of Mr. Lippmann's volume is a masterly summary and analysis of American foreign relations since colonial days. There are some historians who will think that his generalizations are too sweeping, that the exceptions may be more important than his rules. The issue, however, is whether, measuring the broad stream of history, he has correctly appraised the main currents which have determined our destiny. I think he has. For example, it seems to me hardly exceptionable to say with Mr. Lippmann that throughout the nineteenth century the Monroe Doctrine was supported not by the might of the United States but by British sea power, not by presidential fiat but by the coincidence of British and American inter-

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ests with regard to Latin America. It is also true that American security during the period of 1815 to 1914 was based not so much on our own military establishments (which as a rule were negligible) as on British control of the seas and the balance of power in Europe. This "unearned security" caused us to misunderstand our true position in the world and led, among other things, to the delusion that we could neglect the counsels of wisdom and courage which characterized the founders of the nation.

The critical years for us came at the close of the nineteenth century. Instead of making them the years of decision, we made them the years of indecision—to be followed by two generations of insolvency. It was with some reluctance that the American people entered upon the War with Spain. It was with even greater reluctance that we embarked upon the sea of "imperialism" in 1899. For the first time since the War of 1812 there then appeared a serious and prolonged rift in American opinion concerning foreign policy. Because we could not quite decide whether to become or not to become a Far Eastern power, we made a catastrophic mistake in national strategy which plagues us to this day and hour: we took the Philippines and Guam from Spain but, because of timidity or troubled conscience, allowed the other Spanish islands to fall into the hands of Germany and, subsequently, into the hands of Japan. These islands, which we could have had for the asking in 1899; our rights in which we might have reserved in 1914; our share of which or all of which we might have claimed in 1919—these islands from the first were essential to the defense of the Philippines. Later they were the true aircraft carriers from which the attack was launched on Pearl Harbor, the bastions which prevented us from getting aid to Bataan, and outposts on the road to Tokio which now must be taken at enormous cost in American lives.

As Mr. Lippmann says, a nation can choose to become a world power or can refuse to do so. Or having become a world power, it may reverse its course and—like Holland and Portugal and Sweden—reduce its overseas commitments and once more become a relatively insignificant weight in the balance. But having decided to become a great power, the one thing it cannot do without courting disaster is to fail to take those measures which will secure not only its homeland but those overseas rights, interests, and territories which it has undertaken to maintain. It is this last mistake which we have made. We thought we could emphasize the adjective *great* without creating its substance of *power*.

—*From the painting by Sir William Orpen*

Did Woodrow Wilson give the wrong reason for going to war?

Ever since the Civil War, the overseas commitments of the United States have been growing with startling rapidity. Whether it is wise for us to increase our commitments is not now in question, for there is no considerable body of opinion which advocates the reduction of those commitments. Indeed, one of the most incomprehensible features of the debates on American policy since 1914 is the fact that the so-called isolationists have not only not advocated the curtailment of our overseas responsibilities but have even recommended their further extension. But these same isolationists have been, in general, opposed to those measures—military and political—which would enable us to make good on our commitments. Surely this is a peculiar form of madness.

Even before the turn of the century, the United States was heavily obligated beyond its own borders. We had, by the Monroe Doctrine, asserted that we would go to war if necessary to maintain the integrity and the republican institutions of the Latin American republics. We had purchased Alaska, thousands of miles from our nearest West Coast port and strategically an island. We had acquired Midway Island, had built up substantial commercial interests in China, had gained a special position in Hawaii (eventually leading to the annexation of the islands in 1898), had established ourselves in Samoa. Then by the War with Spain we took over the Philippines, Guam, and Puerto Rico—all key positions. And in 1900 we proclaimed the Open Door Policy—the first in a series of steps which virtually committed us to maintain the administrative and territorial integrity of China.

And what were we doing to give effect, in terms of actual power, to these far-flung strategic and political

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Our Policy Toward the Good Neighbors

THE LATIN AMERICAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 470 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by C. A. HUTCHINSON

THE purpose of this historical interpretation of the Latin American policy of the United States, as Professor Bemis explains, is to show how that policy "has developed from a continental basis in North America and adjusted itself to a Continental basis in the hemispheric sense of the word." The result is an important work, thorough and well documented, a mine of information on the history of the relations of the United States with Latin America from the days of independence to the second great world war.

The author reveals how the desire of the United States for security has brought with it in logical succession all the various phases of our relations with the countries of Latin America. From the first, Spain's colonies were a source of danger to the struggling young Republic, and it was the policy of every statesman to see that they did not fall into the hands of some powerful European power (the Monroe Doctrine). When in due course the expansion to the Pacific (Manifest Destiny) was completed, security dictated the building of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. This was, in turn, followed by the acquiring of naval bases in the Caribbean to safeguard the canal. In more recent times, the realization that security for the United States requires nothing less than hemisphere solidarity has brought with it the Good Neighbor Policy, the culmination of long years of effort at mutual understanding.

Certain phases of this well known trend of United States foreign policy have often been criticized by both North American and Latin American historians. It is in this respect that Professor Bemis differs from many of those who have treated the subject before him. He finds little if anything to criticize in the attitude of the United States toward Latin America, either in the past or the present. Our methods of annexing Texas, our war with Mexico in 1846, do not draw rebukes from

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him—indeed, he stresses our patience: "Mexico has afforded a long trial of the sincerity and patience, indeed of the self-respect, of the Good Neighbor of the North." He finds that our interventions in the Caribbean are not so black as we had supposed, he sees justifications for the Platt Amendment: "If ever there were an emblem of pride on the escutcheon of American idealism, it is the attitude in our century of the Continental Republic toward Cuba." He deals with the Latin American bogey of the economic imperialism of the Colossus of the North by proving that it is a myth and, in fact, "far from there having been any exploitation of the Latin American Republics by economic imperialism, it has been the other way around: it is the Latin American governments which have exploited the capital of United States nationals indiscreet enough to have allowed their property to be trapped within the sovereign authority of those nations." In brief, the only occasion on which he finds we have been guilty of misdemeanor is that of our intervention in Panama in 1903, which he calls: "the one really black mark in the Latin American policy of the United States."

There are no doubt many who will hesitate to be as complacent as Professor Bemis, just as there are others who will be puzzled that the nations of Latin America should have seemingly continued to be so obtuse in the face of the constant missionary efforts of Uncle Sam. Again, many will question the author's assertion that "Yankeephobia has now been dissipated." We are indeed redoubling our efforts at this moment to dispel all distrust, but, despite the progress that has been made, much remains to be done before we shall have achieved that mutual understanding which alone can produce solidarity. We may at least be certain of one thing: it will not be our efforts at self-justification that will endear us to our neighbors.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 480)

LORD BYRON:

THE AGE OF BRONZE

. . . Why passed he too the Rubicon,
The Rubicon of man's awakened rights?
. . . . . .
On-on-the thirst of war
Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their Czar!
Moscow!
Thou standst alone unrivalled, till the Fire
To come, in which all empires shall expire!

South Americana

ECUADOR, PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE. By Albert Franklin. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 326 *pp.* $3.50.

CARONI GOLD, VENEZUELA'S RIVER OF WEALTH. By L. R. Dennison. New York: Hastings House. 1943. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

THE AMAZON, THE LIFE HISTORY OF A MIGHTY RIVER. By Caryl P. Haskins. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 415 *pp.* $4.

BRAZIL IN THE MAKING. By José Jobim. New York: The Macmillian Co. 1943. 318 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

HERE, in a large handful of books, is South America—or much of it. The people of Ecuador, the back country of Venezuela, the sweep of the Amazon, and the economics of Brazil pass in review. The flood of books on our southern neighbors is unabated.

Albert Franklin's "Ecuador" leaves this reviewer tingling with gratitude. No one who has ever known that little country even casually can fail to hold it in a warm corner of his heart. Mr. Franklin, whose knowledge of Ecuador is far from casual, has shared his wanderings with us. He gives us swift and sensitive glimpses of the porteños of Guayaquil, of the men who guide their boats up the Guayas River and its treacherous tributaries, of the Indians of the backlands who do not know about the United States or Quito or the presidents of Ecuador—of their gentle courtesy, of the lashing whips which drive them at work, of the misery and waste and sickness which is their lot. He gives us Quito, capital almost two miles above the sea, with its colonial mysteries, Indian markets, dignified intellectuals, contending politicians. He introduces us to Cuenca, to Loja, to Otavalo—each a name to bring up great memories to all who have journeyed to these towns, and to stir in others the resolve to make the trip when Hitler has gone to his reward. This is no travel book, no history, no economics disquisition—it is better than such can ever be, it gives the human stuff without which no one can understand this land and people, so long buffeted from within and without.

—From "Salud! A South American Journal."

L. R. Dennison's "Caroni Gold," is a roving mining engineer's running account of experiences in tracking down gold and diamonds in the junglelands of southern Venezuela, down near the border of Brazil. It is filled with adventures with black and mestizo workers, of jungle tracks, snakes, insects, gold camps, and strange soldiers of fortune. Mildly interesting; sometimes revealing of the mysteries of the uncharted interior.

Caryl P. Haskins has done an impressive amount of work on "The Amazon." Here is a description of the backgrounds and foregrounds of that river system; of history and peoples and products. Much of this material reveals patient probing and it will be welcomed by those who would understand the moist heat of the southern continent. There is added a resumé of the history of the six republics reached by the Amazon system. The book is stronger on details than on interpretation; it does not yield much that is new to the understanding of the people who inhabit this great area. Its closing discussion of recent events in inter-American relations is on the official side, quite respectable, but not illuminating.

José Jobim's "Brazil in the Making" is a Brazilian student's analysis of the economy of his country; packed with statistics and filled with hope. Brazil's economic ills are chiefly rooted in her long-time colonial status as the producer of cheap raw materials and buyer of expensive finished goods. The poverty which dogs the footsteps of the great majority of the people can be blamed on that inherited condition. Furthermore, Brazil has been too long dependent for the bulk of her export revenue upon one or another product. At various times in her four-hundred years of history, she has lived from her sugar, her gold, her cotton, her rubber. During recent years, coffee has held first place, accounting for as

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high as eighty per cent of her exports, but now down to about thirty per cent.

But Brazil escapes. Diversification helps. Increasingly Brazil sells not only coffee, but cotton, oils, fruits, rubber, metals to the outside world. Today, Brazil is selling items to the United States which help in the war effort—diamonds, rock crystal, manganese, iron, mica, chromite, beryllium, bauxite, etc.

Brazil's industrialization offers further escape. She has one of the great iron ore reserves of the world—perhaps the largest of any nation. She has coal also, although it is a thousand miles distant from the iron ore, and not altogether suitable for smelting. At the present time, fuel is Brazil's chief problem. Her coal has come chiefly from the United States, Germany, England; her petroleum from the United States and Venezuela. But Mr. Jobim is convinced that Brazil can shortly produce her own petroleum, that she can dig and use her own coal. Furthermore, the volume of hydraulic electric power can be multiplied many times. Despite all handicaps, Brazilian industry has given a good account of itself. Products worth a billion dollars were turned out in 1938. Brazilian factories yield processed goods for home consumption, shoes, cotton and woolen goods, clothing, chemicals, building materials, small machinery. Over forty per cent of all this industry is centered in the state of São Paulo.

The standard of living of Brazilians is still low, Mr. Jobim admits, but industry is helping to lift it. In 1940, almost a million and a half workers were employed in industry. Industrial wages are low—the minimum wage permitted in the Federal district is but the equivalent of twelve dollars a month—but, even so, they are ahead of farm wages. They offer the only firm promise of better days for Brazilians.

Mr. Jobim tells of his countrymen's desire to contribute to the common war effort of the United Nations. In order to do this, Brazil must still increase the productivity of her economy. To do this, she needs help; drilling machinery for the development of her petroleum; fuels for her railroads and steel industry; rolling stock for her railroads; electrical equipment for her power systems. Such help can come only from the United States, but Mr. Jobim makes no impossible demands. He knows how hard pressed is the United States, how difficult it is for us to find the machinery and the tools which Brazil needs. His account is sympathetic and realistic, and will lead to new appreciation of our strong ally in the South.

The Men Who Were Buried Alive

WE WERE FREE. By Constantin Joffé. New York: Smith & Durrell, Inc. 1943. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

TAKEN prisoners in 1940. Mr. Joffé and his comrades were shipped to Germany, and, after three days of a "Dantesque journey," arrived in Treves. It is to be doubted if the streets of the city have ever witnessed a scene like the following

Constantin Joffé

one, the captives' first encounter with the civilian population of Western Germany.

> . . . The windows were black with heads; the air filled with cries of "Kill them!" "Kill the dogs!" "Kill the swine!" Jeers exploded about us. . . .
>
> Suddenly a civilian of about fifty years broke out from the crowd, rushed at those who carried sticks and, amid the applause of his countrymen, seized them. We were aghast to see that our guards did not interfere.
>
> "You dogs don't need those!" the German shouted.
>
> "But those fellows are wounded; they can't walk without their sticks!" Fred cried in German. "Look here, be human!"
>
> "Human? To *you?* You can die like dogs, the lot of you. . . ."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The strongest among us went off under escort, with buckets and crocks, to fetch water. At length, they returned. We made a rush for them.
>
> "Halt!" The Captain stopped us short. "Back, you dogs! So you're thirsty, eh? Well, that's splendid! Thirsty, you said? . . . Well, you shall have your water; we wouldn't dream of letting you die of thirst. Just wait a moment."
>
> Then he ordered his men to wash copiously before our eyes, and they did so, voluptuously, taking a long time. When the water was very soapy, this gentleman flashed us an amiable smile and invited us to drink.

Remember, these were neither criminals nor concentration camp inmates, but prisoners of war! Brought to a camp in the neighborhood of Vienna, they had to bear what prisoners of war had to suffer at all times behind barbed wire: the agony of a sentence of unknown duration, the cruel change from ever-renewed hopes to ever-recurring disappointments, nostalgia, and the torturing idea of their wives back in their homeland, cold and filth, hunger, thirst, and dread. But these men had to endure more.

> They [the guards] would leave the *Kommandatur* with crusts of bread in their hands; the prisoners would close about them like a pack of hounds. When the crowd was really dense, the *Boches* would throw the bread they had nibbled at, bit by bit, into that compact mass of unfortunates. . . . The Germans snickered; the kodaks and movie cameras clicked.

Mr. Joffé mentions no visit by Red Cross officials. Apparently Germany has its own way of proving adherence to international conventions.

> A large table stood in the middle of the road, with a crowd of men jostling one another. . . . Each prisoner was given a fat sausage, a loaf of bread and a large slice of cheese! The men beamed at the prospect of a real blow-out. For the first time in months, we would not go hungry. . . .
>
> We filed by a cameraman. The Germans were filming scenes of the distribution of food to the prisoners. No sooner had we passed the camera than we obliqued to the left. . . .
>
> In the middle of the road we saw a table. All our treasures were taken away from us. The distribution of this food had been fictitious. . . .

Needless to say that the treatment meted out to the Jews in the crowd "formed a very special chapter."

With all its simplicity, directness, and even artlessness, this small volume is indeed, as Louis Bromfield puts it in his introduction, "a remarkable book." It is a horrible book. For this is the desperate message of men who have been buried alive. They have been waiting for their deliverance for almost three years, and this means one thousand and ninety-five days, or twenty-thousand two hundred and eighty hours. . . . "When I returned to unoccupied France," the author says, "one of the things which moved me with terrible poignancy was to behold a smile upon the human countenance." The living dead in the German prison camps have found a good messenger. His voice must be heeded.

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A Soldier of the Civil War

THE LIFE OF JOHNNY REB, The Common Soldier of the Confederacy. By Bell Irvin Wiley. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1943. 444 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IN one respect this book is obviously symptomatic of the times. In another respect let us hope it is. With regard to the first point the author describes his work as an "an attempt to give the man of the ranks, who after all *was* the army, something of his rightful measure of consideration." Ever since the last war the cult of the "Unknown Soldier" took strong hold of the imaginative sentiment of many peoples as part of the wave of democracy, but it may be questioned if the rank and file *is* the army any more that it is the whole of the democratic state. An army and a democracy both must be composed of leaders as well as the common soldier. However, in the old days the pendulum swung too far one way and, if now it is swinging too far to the other, we may expect a more perfect balance some time.

The second point is of more importance. During the decades preceding the War Between the States, or the Civil War, as we may choose to call it, the South was forced to weave a garment of romance about itself as a sort of protection against the knowledge that its "peculiar institution," slavery, on which the whole economic and social structure was based for a large part of its population, was condemned not only by the North but by an increasing part of the civilized world. Then came the bitterness of war and still more of the Reconstruction period. With almost all else gone, the Southerner came more and more to live in the dream of a romantic South which had in truth never existed. It became almost treachery to the South to question any detail of it.

There have been signs in recent years that this attitude, with the new generations, new economics, the returning prosperity, has happily been passing. For example, although my family was Virginian until my own birth in the North, I have been considered a Northern historian, perhaps because I have written much in New England in spite of my not having a drop of New England blood in any line of ancestry. Yet it is not so long ago that I was amazed at one of the greatest compliments I ever had, that of being asked to make the speech dedicating the memorial erected at Gettysburg to the memory of the dead on that field of one of the Deep South Gulf states. Professor Wiley, the author of this book, is head of the history department at the University of Mississippi, another Gulf state, and it must have taken a good deal of courage on his part to write this book. Or did it?

That is what so deeply interests me. The measure of the courage required is the measure of the extent to which America as a whole has come of age. Of course in a country so vast and varied as ours there will always be sectional interests and rivalries, but have we reached the point at which this unhappy struggle of eighty years ago can begin to be treated like the English Wars of the Roses or their civil war of the Cromwell and Charles days, as history and not as still contemporary hatreds?

In any case, Professor Wiley has written an extremely important book. He treats of the common soldier in the Confederate Army in all the aspects of his daily life. He is extremely frank and glosses over nothing. On the one hand, if he refuses to wear a chain and ball to tie him to the old legend of every young Reb as a chivalrous knight, a gentleman of the highest ideals and culture, a Walter Scott hero, on the other hand he has not indulged in mere cheap and vulgar debunking. The vast majority of Southerners were not cultivated aristocrats living in great houses, and the author has shown the ordinary man for what he was, lots of good and plenty of "ornariness."

He has drawn heavily on what was evidently a great mass at his disposal of original letters home of the soldiers of the lower social groups, and it is quite amazing that so many have been preserved. From these and from official records, medical as well as more distinctly military, Professor Wiley has painted with skill a picture of the life of the Confederate private—what he felt, what he suffered, what he enjoyed and feared, in a word what he was like. It is a picture that is not only by far the most complete we have ever had but perhaps the best of its kind we ever shall have.

The temptation is strong to quote examples from the fascinating and illuminating material which the author has woven into his tale, but space does not permit, and perhaps it would be unfair. In a sweeping statement we may say that in this book the reader will find almost anything he may want to know about "Johnny Reb," or the soldier of any war. You sense what war is like as vividly as in any of the leading novels which poured from the presses after the last one, but this is fact and not fiction, and the volume is indispensable to any historian of 1861-65. Beside the daily life of the soldier we get many glimpses of what helped to defeat the Confederacy. In my opinion the work is historically accurate. Based on original sources, difficult to find, it will remain a reference book. It is easy and extremely interesting reading for either the scholar or the general reader. I recommend it highly to both of them, and to the librarian who is trying to cover an increasing list of publications with an ever diminishing budget.

—Woodcut by Clare Leighton from "Southern Harvest."

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Reading for the United Nations

A List of Books on the United Nations, Prepared by the Library Committee of the Council on Books in Wartime

Africa

James, Selwyn. *South of the Congo.* Random House. 1943. $3.

Maisel, Albert Q. *Africa.* Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1943. $2.75.

Millin, S. G. *The South Africans.* Liveright. 1943. $3.50.

Australia

Alexander, Fred. *Australia and the United States.* World Peace Foundation. 1941. 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Dow, David. *Australia Advances.* Funk and Wagnalls. 1938. $2.

Grattan, C. H. *Introducing Australia.* John Day. 1942. $3.

Hill, Ernestine. *Australian Frontier.* Doubleday, Doran. 1942. $3.50.

Belgium

Belgium, Ministère des affaires étrangers. *Belgium, The Official Account of What Happened,* 1939-1940. Didier Publishing Company. 1942. $2.50.

Cammaerts, Emile. *Albert of Belgium, Defender of Right.* Macmillan. 1935. $5.

Moën, Lars. *Under The Iron Heel.* Lippincott, 1941. $2.75.

Motz, Roger. *Belgium Unvanquished.* Transatlantic Arts, 1942. $1.80.

Canada

Beston, Henry. *The St. Lawrence.* Farrar and Rinehart, 1942. $2.50.

Burt, A. L. R. *A Short History of Canada for Americans.* University of Minnesota Press, 1942. $3.

Dafoe, J. W. *Canada Fights.* Farrar and Rinehart, 1941. $2.

Hutchison, Bruce. *The Unknown Country.* Coward-McCann, 1942. $3.50.

China

Kai-Shek, Chiang. *All We Are and All We Have; Speeches and Messages Since Pearl Harbor.* John Day. 1942. $1.25.

Kai-Shek, Mme. Chiang, *This Is Our China.* Harper. 1940. $3.50.

Suyin, Han. *Destination Chungking.* Little, Brown. 1942. $3.

Lacy, Creighton. *Is China A Democracy?* John Day. 1943. $1.50.

Yu-tang, Lin. *My Country And My People.* Halcyon House. 1938. $1.39.

Nourse, M. A. *The Four Hundred Million; A Short History of The Chinese.* Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. $3.50.

Czechoslovakia

Benes, Bohus; translated by R. Auty and A. R. Weir. *Wings In Exile.* Czechoslovak Independent Weekly. 1942. $1.75.

Hindus, Maurice. *We Shall Live Again.* Doubleday, Doran. 1939. $3.

Kerner, Robert. *Czechoslovakia, Twenty Years of Independence.* University of California Press. 1940. $5.

Masaryk, T. G. *Making Of A State; Memories and Observations,* 1914-1918. Allen. 1927. (out of print). 21/.

Munzer, Zdenka and Jan. *We Were And We Shall Be; The Czechoslovak Spirit Through The Centuries.* Ungar. 1941. $2.50.

Denmark

Hackett, Francis. *I Chose Denmark.* Doubleday, Doran. 1940. $2.50.

Howe, F. C. *Denmark; The Coöperative Way.* Coward-McCann. 1936. $2.50.

Rothery, Agnes. *Denmark.* Viking Press. 1937. $3.

Ethiopia

Jones, A. M. H. and Elizabeth Monroe, *A History of Abyssinia.* Oxford University Press. 1935. $2.

Nesbitt, L. M. *Hell-Hole of Creation.* Knopf. 1935. $3.75.

Ethiopia, A Pawn In European Diplomacy. Macmillan. 1935. $2.50.

France

Aglion, Raoul. *Fighting French.* Holt. 1943. $3.

Barlone, D. *French Officer's Diary;* translated by L. V. Cass. Macmillan. 1943. $2.

Curie, Eve. *They Speak For A Nation; Letters From France.* Doubleday, Doran. 1941. $2.

Maillaud, Pierre. *France.* Oxford University Press. 1943. $1.25.

Marchal, Léon. *Vichy; Two Years of Deception.* Macmillan. 1943. $2.50.

Great Britain

Barker, Ernest. *The Ideas And Ideals of The British Empire.* Macmillan. 1941. $1.25.

Brogan, D. W. *The English People; Impressions and Observations.* Knopf. 1943. $3.

Churchill, Winston. *Blood, Sweat, and Tears.* Putnam. 1941. $3.

Saunders, H. St. George. *Combined Operations; The Official Story of The Commandos.* Macmillan. 1943. $3.50.

Trevelyan, G. M. *A Shortened History of England.* Longmans, Green, 1942. $3.50.

Greece

Mavrogardato, John. *Modern Greece; A Chronicle and a Survey* 1800-1931. Macmillan, 1931. $2.50.

Powell, Dilys. *Remember Greece.* Hastings House. 1943. $2.

St. John, Robert. *From The Land of Silent People.* Doubleday, Doran. 1942. $3.

Wason, Betty. *Miracle In Hellas; The Greeks Fight On.* Macmillan. 1943. $2.75.

India

Anand, M. R. *Letters On India.* Transatlantic Arts, 69-81 108th Street, Forest Hills, N. Y. 1942. $1.80.

Coupland, R. *Britain And India,* 1600-1941. Longmans, Green, 1941. $.20.

Duffett, W. E. *India Today.* John Day. 1942. $1.75.

Mitchell, K. L. *India Without Fable.* Knopf. 1942. $2.50.

Nehru, Jawaharlal. *Toward Freedom.* John Day. 1941. $4.

Shridharani, K. J. *My India, My America.* Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941. $3.75.

Iraq

Baker, R. L. *Oil, Blood And Sand, Stakes And Strategy In The Middle East.* Appleton-Century. 1942. $2.50.

Ireland, P. W. *Iraq; A Study In Political Development.* Macmillan. 1938. $4.

Latin America

Bemis, S. F. *The Latin American Policy Of The United States.* Harcourt, Brace. 1943. $4.50.

Herring, H. C. *Good Neighbors; Argentina, Brazil, Chile And 17 Other Countries.* Yale University Press. 1941. $3.

Quintanilla, Luis. *A Latin American Speaks.* Macmillan. 1943. $2.50.

Schurz, W. L. *Latin America, A Descriptive Survey.* Dutton. 1941. $3.75.

Central America:
Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama.

Halle, L. J. *Transcaribbean.* Longmans, Green. 1936. $3.

Kelsey, Vera and L. de J. Osborne, *Four Keys To Guatemala.* Funk and Wagnalls. 1939. $3.

Wilson, C. M. *Challenge And Opportunity; Central America.* Holt. 1941. $3.

Mexico

Brenner, Anita. *Idols Behind Altars.* Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $3.

Kirk, Betty. *Covering The Mexican Front: The Battle Of Europe Versus America.* University of Oklahoma Press. 1942. $3.

Simpson, L. B. *Many Mexicos.* Putnam. 1941. $3.

South America: Brazil, Bolivia.

Duguid, Julian. *Green Hell; Adventures In The Mysterious Jungles Of Eastern Bolivia.* Appleton-Century. 1931. $4.

Hager, A. R. *Frontier By Air.* Macmillan. 1942. $3.50.

Kelsey, Vera. *Seven Keys To Brazil.* Funk and Wagnalls. 1940. $3.

Loewenstein, Karl. *Brazil Under Vargas.* Macmillan. 1942. $2.75.

Overbeck, A. O. *Living High; At Home In The Far Andes.* Appleton-Century. 1935. $3.

West Indies: Cuba, Haiti.

Herskovits, Melville, *Life In A Haitian Valley.* Knopf. 1937. $4.

Rippy, J. F. *The Caribbean Danger Zone.* Putnam. 1940. $3.

Roberts, W. A. *The Caribbean; The Story Of Our Sea Of Destiny.* Bobbs-Merrill. 1940. $3.50.

Strode, Hudson. *The Pageant Of Cuba.* Random House. 1934. $2.

Luxembourg

Luxembourg And The German Invasion, Before And After; The Luxembourg Grey Book Based Upon Official Documents. Hutchinson. London. 1942. 2/6.

The Netherlands

Barnouw, A. J. *The Dutch: A Portrait Study Of The People Of Holland.* Columbia University Press. 1940. $3.

Emerson, Rupert. *The Netherlands, Indies And The United States.* (America Looks Ahead, No. 6). World Peace Foundation. 1942. $.50. (paper, $.25).

van Kleffens, E. N. *Juggernaut Over Holland.* Columbia University Press. 1941. $2.

New Zealand

Condliffe, J. B. *New Zealand In The Making; A Survey Of Economic And Social Development.* University of Chicago Press. 1930. $5.

Holland, W. L. and P. E. Lilienthal, *Meet The Anzacs.* Institute of Pacific Relations. 1942. $.10.

M. L. Macpherson. *I Heard The Anzacs Singing.* Creative Age. 1942. $2.

Norway

Hambro, C. J. *I Saw It Happen In Norway.* Appleton-Century. 1940. $2.50.

Lorentztzen, Oivind. *Norway, Norwegian Shipping And The War.* Oxford University Press. 1942. $.10.

Myklebost, Tor. *They Came As Friends.* Doubleday, Doran. 1943. $2.50.

Rothery, Agnes. *Norway, Changing And Changeless.* Viking Press. 1939. $3.

The Philippines

Porter, Catherine. *Crisis In The Philippines.* Knopf. 1942. $1.50.

Romulo, C. P. *I Saw The Fall Of The Philippines.* Doubleday, Doran. 1942. $3.

Poland

Buell, R. L. *Poland; Key To Europe.* Knopf. 1939. $3.

My Name Is Million. Macmillan. 1940. $2.50.

Segal, Simon. *The New Order In Poland.* Knopf. 1942. $3.

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Soviet Union

Graebner, Walter. *Round Trip To Russia.* Lippincott. 1943. $3.

Pares, Bernard. *Russia.* Penguin Books. 1942. $.25.

Stewart, M. A. *Land Of The Soviets.* Institute of Pacific Relations and Webster Publishing Company. 1942. $.40.

Williams, A. R. *The Russian, The Land, The People And Why They Fight.* Harcourt, Brace. 1943. $2.

Hindus, Maurice. *Mother Russia.* Doubleday, Doran. 1943. $3.50.

United States

Brogan, D. W. *U.S.A., An Outline Of The Country, The People And Institutions.* Oxford University Press. 1941. $1.

Chamberlain, Samuel and Donald Moffat. *Fair Is Our Land; The Portrait Of America.* Hastings House. 1942. $5.

Lippmann, Walter. *U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield Of The Republic.* Little, Brown. 1943. $1.50.

Mead, Margaret. *And Keep Your Powder Dry; An Anthropologist Looks at America.* Morrow. 1942. $2.50.

Nevins, Allan and H. S. Commager. *Pocket History Of The U. S.* Pocket Books. 1942. $.25. (Also published by Little, Brown as: *America, The Story Of A Free People.* $3.)

Yugoslavia

Hanc, Josef. *Eastern Europe And The United States.* World Peace Foundation. 1942. $.50. (paper, $.25.)

Pribichevich, Stoyan. *World Without End.* Reynal and Hitchcock, 1939. $3.

West, Rebecca. *Black Lamb And Grey Falcon; A Journey Through Yugoslavia.* Viking Press. 1941. 2 vols. $7.50.

The Restless Spirit of Lucy Salmon

AN APOSTLE OF DEMOCRACY The Life of Lucy Maynard Salmon. By Louise Fargo Brown. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943 306 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

SO far as a biographer can recover the truth of it, Miss Brown's life has caught and preserved the shy, brilliant, and restless spirit that was Lucy Maynard Salmon. But not even a Boswell can communicate the deeper secrets of personality; the impetuous and endless flood of words, the timid eyes that never looked straight at you, but darted all over the room and sparkled with humor and irony, the devouring zest for ideas all submitted to a superb training in historical science, a profound humanism, and a determination to get things done. One may as well give up, there are no phrases that even half suggest the ways of Miss Salmon.

She died sixteen years ago, but her books and articles are just as original and stimulating as when they were written, and her influence on the Vassar campus just as strong. The other day, I was in Birmingham, Alabama, and a newspaper man—I think it was John Temple Graves—said to me, "I have been looking up the business of censorship and freedom of the press, and, to my amazement, discovered that the best book on the subject had been written by an old lady in a girls' college twenty years ago."

In the record of Miss Salmon's scholarship, it is indeed the dates that are important. Her book, "Domestic Service," was the first historical study of the employment of servants. Her proposal of a College Entrance Examination Board was years in fulfillment. Her "History of the Appointing Power of the President" stimulated the movement for civil service. Her conception of history is now a commonplace, but was radicalism fifty years ago.

"The Faculty Minute Book" at Vassar quaintly reveals Professor Salmon's method:

> Professor Salmon then expressed her desire to make a few remarks on general matters. There being no objection, the rules governing ordinary discussion were set aside while Professor Salmon spoke. She raised the question whether the Faculty might not make some contribution to educational progress by a discussion of larger issues, such as the educational organization of the college, the relation between Faculty and Trustees, and between Faculty and Students; the question of so-called professional work, and the responsibility of the college to the community in which it is placed.

When I came to Vassar as its president the year after this oration, I had been teaching for fifteen years in college faculties, yet not once in any faculty meeting had I ever heard any discussion of a single one of the points Miss Salmon aired so fully on that fateful February day one week after President Taylor of Vassar had resigned and left the campus. Miss Salmon "sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat," until the American college becomes a true democracy. I shall never forget the lift it gave to my own courage when, groping towards the concept of democracy as a working principle of administration, I found working with me and back of me a colleague who had thought it all out.

Lucy Salmon was a fighter. One morning, after a little victory in the faculty, she tore into my office, and in her quiet revolutionary tones cried, "Now, let's tear things wide open!" She was the amazing paradox of a historian with no use for tradition.

Her influence over her pupils was uncanny. They literally lived in the light of her intellect for the rest of their days. They have told me that this was because Miss Salmon respected them, because she made them feel they could do anything, because she made them believe history was the most important thing in life, because she taught them to use materials at hand, because life begins here and now to have meaning.

Lucy Maynard Salmon

It was not an accident that Henry Justice of Philadelphia on his own motion gave Vassar ten thousand dollars "in memory of Miss Lucy M. Salmon's Nineteenth Century European History Course of 1900-01," or that the Fund for Faculty Research at Vassar bears her name, as does a wonderful collection of historical materials in the library.

She influenced American scholars far beyond her own classes. Some of the most able exponents of her school of history writing never knew her except by tradition and publication. One cannot be a real Salmonian unless one has a truly radical mind.

Louise Fargo Brown, in her first hundred pages, sketches the preparation of Lucy Salmon for her life work; her solid New England ancestry of Dorcases, Thankfuls, Gads, and Calvins, her mother's study at the famous Ipswich Seminary that started all higher education for women in the North, her childhood and girlhood in the upper towns of old York State, and her education at the liberal young University of Michigan. She graduated in June, 1876, and there on her fiftieth anniversary, the University of Michigan created her a Doctor of Letters.

Miss Brown's title for her life is accurate; Lucy Maynard Salmon was truly an apostle of democracy. "She taught, but first she followed it herself." This biography will interest not only Miss Salmon's pupils of the last generation, but all those readers who want to follow the evolution of higher education in America from the period of its painful adolescence to the free maturity of today.

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FOR A PERMANENT UNITED NATIONS

This guest editorial is edited and pieced together from The Federalist. *The term "United Nations" has been substituted for the term "Union of the States," or "Union"; "nation" for "state," and "world" for "America."*

AMONG the most formidable of the obstacles which the United Nations will have to encounter may readily be distinguished the obvious interest of a certain class of men in every nation to resist all changes which may hazard a diminution of the power, emolument, and consequence of the offices they hold under the national establishments; and the perverted ambition of another class of men, who will hope to aggrandize themselves by the confusions of their country.

We already hear it whispered in the private circles of those who oppose the United Nations, that the individual nations are of too great an extent for any general system. This doctrine will, in all probability, be gradually propagated till it has votaries enough to countenance an open avowal of it. For nothing can be more evident to those who are able to take an enlarged view of the subject than that the alternative to an adoption of a new Constitution is a dismemberment of the United Nations. It is therefore of use to examine the advantages of a union of the nations, the certain evils, and the probable dangers to which every nation will be exposed from its dissolution.

The number of wars which have happened or will happen in the world will always be found to be in proportion to the number and weight of the causes, whether real or pretended, which provoke or invite them. The just causes of war, for the most part, arise either from violations of treaties or from direct violence. It is of high importance to the peace of the world that she observe the laws of nations, and it appears evident that this will be more perfectly and punctually done by one national government than it could be by separate nations.

When once an efficient government of the United Nations is established, the best men in each country will not only consent to serve, but also will generally be appointed to manage it. The administration, the political counsels, and the judicial decisions of the national government will be more wise, systematical, and judicious than those of the individual nations.

So far, therefore, as either designed or accidental violations of treaties and the laws of nations afford just causes of war, they are less to be apprehended under one general government than under many, and in that respect the former most favors the safety of the people.

The principal purposes to be answered by union are these—the common defence of the members; the preservation of the public peace, as well against internal convulsions as external attacks; the regulation of commerce between the nations; the superintendence of our intercourse, political and commercial.

The authorities essential to the common defence are these: to raise armies; to build and equip fleets; to prescribe rules for the government of both; to direct their operations; to provide for their support. These powers ought to exist without limitation, because it is impossible to foresee or define the extent and variety of national exigencies, or the correspondent extent and variety of the means which may be necessary to satisfy them. The circumstances that endanger the safety of nations are infinite, and for this reason no constitutional shackles can wisely be imposed on the power to which the care of it is committed. This power ought to be co-extensive with all the possible combinations of such circumstances; and ought to be under the direction of the same councils which are appointed to preside over the common defence.

This is one of those truths which, to a correct and unprejudiced mind, carries its own evidence along with it; and may be obscured, but cannot be made plainer by argument or reasoning. It rests upon axioms as simple as they are universal; the *means* ought to be proportioned to the *end;* the persons, from whose agency the attainment of any *end* is expected, ought to possess the *means* by which it is to be attained.

It has become a sort of axiom in politics, that vicinity, or nearness of situation, constitutes nations' natural enemies. An intelligent writer expresses himself on this subject to this effect: "Neighboring nations (says he) are naturally enemies of each other, *unless* their common weakness forces them to league in a *Confederative Republic,* and their constitution prevents the differences that neighborhood occasions, extinguishing that secret jealousy which disposes all nations to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their neighbors." [*] This passage, at the same time, points out the *evil* and suggests the *remedy.*

We have seen the necessity of the United Nations as the conservator of peace among ourselves, and as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the Old World. All that remains is to take notice of an objection that may be drawn from the great area which the United Nations embrace.

Some celebrated authors, whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions, have made the observation that a republic can never be established except among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory. It is only to be lamented that any Americans should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying her full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system under her consideration. The natural limit of a republic is that distance from the centre which will barely allow the representatives to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said that the limits of the United Nations exceed this distance?

Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of the world, knit together as they are by so many cords, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing community. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties. PUBLIUS.

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[*] Time required for trip between New York to Philadelphia in 1789: seven days.

Time required for trip between United States and China in 1943: four days.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

L'Affaire "Gideon Planish"

SIR: I was surprised and disappointed to see that so many of your correspondents, in commenting on the letter by Adela Rogers St. Johns, in *l'affaire* "Gideon Planish," missed the real core of the controversy. What is at issue here is not whether Miss St. Johns is a Hollywood writer (though I understand she is just as eminent in her field as Mr. Jones is in his), but whether her criticism of Mr. Jones's review of "Gideon Planish" is sound. Certainly it would seem that the points she raised ought to be met and answered. Did Mr. Jones write a fair review—in the sense that it was good literary criticism—or didn't he? How is it possible, as William Lyon Phelps pointed out, that Mr. Jones made the mistake of having the central figure in the book "retire" to the presidency of a "corn college," when he did nothing of the sort?

CARVEL E. BILLINGS.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: It may be that Mr. Jones did not read "Gideon Planish" all the way through, as Miss St. Johns and Billy Phelps claim when they cite an incorrect reference to the ending. But I still don't see that as any reflection upon Mr. Jones. Nor do I see that this error automatically means that the book is worth reading. Do you have to finish eating a rotten egg to the last drop before you are convinced it is no good? Suppose it *is* true that Mr. Jones didn't read the last chapter—or even the last three chapters? What he did read was apparently enough to convince him that the book had serious shortcomings. And I for one am willing to give a critic of Mr. Jones's standing the benefit of any doubt.

R. M. TUCKER.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: Two of your readers have publicly accused me of not having read all of "Gideon Planish," when I reviewed it for you. This is a reckless charge. I not only read all of the novel; I read some of it twice, before reviewing it. Re-reading did not improve the book.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Sequel for M. Lamartine

SIR: Last night at a party, M. Lamartine's story of millinery creations (as related in *SRL's* issue of June 5) started a series of reminiscences of the early twenties and the confusion caused by very new and unfamiliar art expressions. One story which I like to tell has become one of the best loved legends of Montparnasse.

During the excitement that preceded the opening of a Salon des Independants, whispers were heard of an unusual new painting. Everybody was agog. At last the opening. The canvas had been given a very prominent place—everybody came to look and to evaluate it. The critics were delighted. Amongst all the divers manifestations, here, at last, was a new expression. It was so daring, so direct, so personal—*a new ism*. The excitement was great but nothing to that caused by the release of the following affidavit, signed and sealed by a notary public.

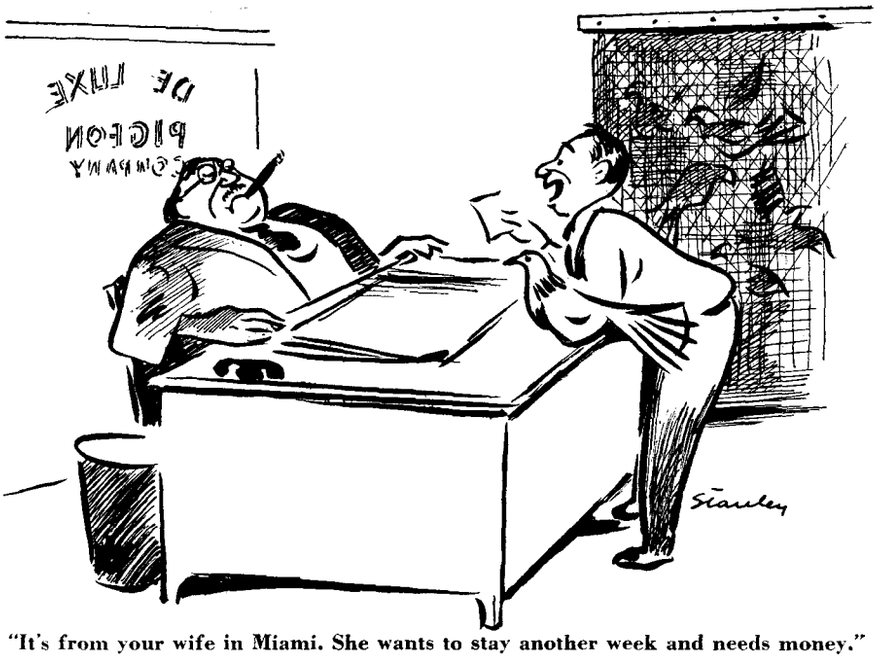
"A group of artists asked me to witness a little drama. The principal actors were a snow white canvas, three pots of paint and a donkey. Donkey, paints, canvas, artists and myself were locked up in a studio, and we went to work. I sat in the corner and witnessed the following: The canvas was set on the easel at just the right height for the donkey. He was placed in such a way that he could swish the canvas comfortably with his tail. It was a hot summer day and the flies were very persistent. The donkey's tail was dipped in the pot of yellow paint and then allowed to swish the canvas for exactly two minutes. The tail was wiped clean, dipped in the blue paint, and again allowed to swish for the determined period of time. Once more the tail was wiped clean and this time it was dipped in the red paint. The donkey, thoroughly irritated, swished the last two minutes with unprecedented vigor. His tail was wiped off, his work was finished. The freshly painted canvas was given a signature and sent to the Salon."

The new Discovery was but a swish of a donkey's tail.

In literature as well as in painting, it is difficult to discern the true from the false. During our party, Mrs. Litvinov told the following anecdote: She first became acquainted with Gertrude Stein's work through a book review in the *New Statesman*. Although she was a great admirer of Joyce and well acquainted with all the new literature, this was her first contact with G. Stein's work. It did not seem to her to make much sense. In the following issue of the review, there was a letter to the editor claiming that Miss Stein was misquoted—that punctuation had been added—punctuation that was not in the original text. An apology followed and the corrected unpunctuated prose printed. The corrections did not help the reader. Below was another excerpt. Mrs. Litvinov was determined to understand it. She read it carefully, she read it aloud. It was concise, rhythmic, and had a logic of its own. The meaning still eluded her but she began to feel that there was something to it. She read to the bottom of the page. There was a terse notice: "From Putnam's Manual of Stenography."

LUCIE GLARNER.

New York, N. Y.



"It's from your wife in Miami. She wants to stay another week and needs money."

Nautical Poems

SIR: For a number of years I have been at work on a comprehensive anthology of sea verse, from earliest times to the present, which is to be published shortly. It is to be illustrated by the well known marine artist, Gordon Grant.

Some of your readers may know a published poem on the sea, sailors, or ships of which they are particularly fond. In the event that I have overlooked it, and the poem has real sea flavor and literary merit, I'll be glad to try and fit it in. My address: W. M. Williamson, care of Coward-McCann, Inc., 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

W. M. WILLIAMSON.

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TRADE Winds

I FIND IT NECESSARY at this point to restate my position as conductor of "Trade Winds." I've been tossing out my views and opinions for over a year now. In my very first column I predicted that I probably would step on the toes of even my best friends. I have. I evidently failed to make it clear that the opinions I express are purely personal. I have never intended to pose as a spokesman for the publishing fraternity. I do not even speak for my own firm, several members of which have differed violently with me on occasion over items that I wrote for these pages. When I expressed the view, for instance, that children's books generally were priced too high, the first roar of protest came from my own juvenile editor. May I emphasize once more that—as the umpire told the player who called him a blind and thieving such-and-such—"I calls them strictly as I sees them." People who want a calmer and more detached analysis of all sides of the problems of the book world need only consult that excellent trade journal, *Publishers' Weekly,* which performs its functions faithfully and well. If the day comes when I have to pull my punches, I shall stop writing this column entirely, an eventuality that will cause nobody to go out and shoot himself.

I realized before I began this task that it was going to place me in a position that might prove embarrassing on more than one occasion. The fact that I was a publisher myself was bound to persuade even my friendliest competitors that I was coloring my views either consciously or unconsciously because of my own selfish interests. Furthermore, the fact that I inevitably knew my own books and authors better than those of other publishers put me under constant temptation to give an undue amount of space to Random House activities. I have leaned over backwards to avoid these pitfalls, but I am beginning to wonder how well I have succeeded.

Jim Putnam, of Macmillan, summed up the situation a year ago at the last Booksellers' Convention when he said, "I've enjoyed watching you skate on thin ice in that column of yours. You've had a miraculous escape so far, but of course you'll fall in sooner or later. And I haven't made up my mind yet whether I'll help pull you out—or help push you under." Everybody present laughed. But nobody offered any attractive odds. . .

SEVERAL LEADING BOOKSELLERS express sharp concern lest the establishment of new book clubs and the development of new retail outlets will cut down their own paper supply in the future. No intelligent publisher is going to miss a chance to widen the distribution of books, but no one in his right mind is going to do so at the expense of his tried-and-true customers. Every publisher I know has turned down thousands of dollars' worth of orders from sources that obviously were resorting to books as a mere stop-gap to tide them over the period of war shortages. The publisher who doesn't protect the interests of his old friends will deserve everything he gets for his pains. I cannot explain too emphatically that what experimenting is being done with new lines and outlets consumes a very small percentage of available paper. Unless an unexpectedly severe new cut in paper allotments is decreed by Washington, there will be plenty of books available for everybody this Fall. The situation will be helped immeasurably if the booksellers on their part will try to estimate their wants more accurately when they place their initial holiday orders. In past years, they were able to play the game close to the chest, counting on last-minute pick-ups to fill the gaps in their Christmas stocks. This year, not only shortages, but transportation difficulties will make that sort of buying utterly impossible. . . .

AN OFFICIAL of the new People's Book Club points out that, while membership subscriptions *will* be sold at Sears Roebuck retail outlets, individual selections of the club definitely will *not* be sold in this manner. . . . Sterling North's assistant for his new syndicated book page will be Clip Boutell, formerly of Putnam's. . . . The last sale made by Joe Margolies at the Washington Brentano's, before he joined the staff of Heritage Press, was to General Wavell, who bought Von Clausewitz's "Principles of War," "The Three Bamboos"—and a rhyming dictionary! . . . A ladies' club in New Jersey invited a femme book reviewer to speak at its May meeting. She told the plot of a triple A tear jerker, and the entire assemblage broke into tears. All but one, that is—a lady who sat dry-eyed and unmoved through the entire recital. After the lecture, the reviewer asked her why she hadn't cried. The lady's answer stopped her cold. "Oh, I'm not a member," she explained. . . . Princess Alexandra Kropotkin digs away back for a laugh in her newest tome. "A parson," she borrows, "was introduced to a Mrs. Hummock and tried to fix her name in his mind by rhyming it with 'stummock.' The next day he met her and yoo-hooed, 'How do you do, Mrs. Kelly.'" . . . Kid stuff: Leonard Lyons, the columnist, was distressed to learn that his little boy had been sent home from school. The teacher couldn't keep him from hopping from desk to desk. . . . And John Gunther's eleven-year-old son brought home a mimeographed copy of his class paper. The lead editorial read "With no more jacks, rubber balls, or tootsie rolls in the stationery stores, and at home no more whipped cream on dessert, we might as well face it: the war has hit us." . . .

IN CASE YOU MISSED the press release on the Armed Service book plan, here are the general details. Thirty-five million books, chosen from the great works of fiction and non-fiction, present and past, will be sent abroad in the course of the next year. The authors and publishers of America have joined forces to make the distribution possible. It will be directed by the Council on Books in Wartime, in full coöperation with the Army, Navy, and O.W.I. A first group of 50,000 copies each of twenty-five selected titles will be ready for shipment in a few weeks' time. The books will be specially designed and printed, bound along the short edge, two columns to a page, intended for easy reading and planned to fit the service man's pocket. Eighty per cent of the books will go to the Army; the balance will be divided among the other services. Each new monthly list will contain about twenty-five books, fairly divided between fiction and non-fiction, and seasoned with an occasional classic, mystery story, and Western. The first list, for instance, will include "The Song of Bernadette," "One World," "The Forest and the Fort," "The Human Comedy," "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "Tom

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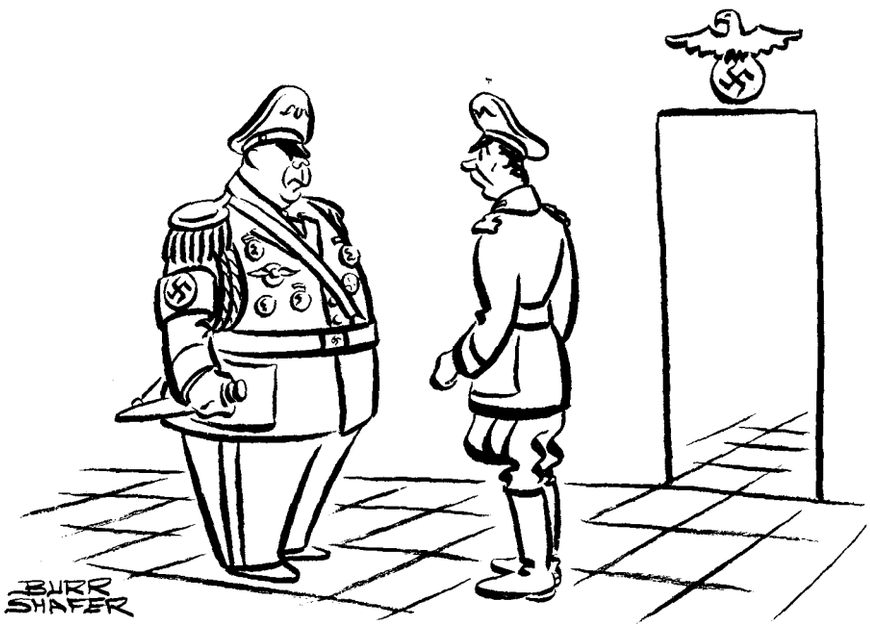


"No, no, Excellency. I said the war had assumed global proportions."

Sawyer," "Green Mansions," and "Experiment Perilous."

The Council emphasizes that in this new plan no educational or text books are included or contemplated. There will be no conflict with the Victory Book Drive. These new editions will be distributed exclusively in overseas areas, military hospitals, and training bases in this country where no camp libraries are possible.

The new editions will be sold to the services at cost, plus a basic ten per cent for overhead expenses and a royalty of one cent a copy that will be divided equally between the authors and the original publishers. The plan is expected to become self-sustaining within one month of operation. Not one copy of these special editions, of course, will be available to the general public either now or hereafter. The paper necessary for the plan will be made available by the W.P.B. The books will be printed on presses never before used for book production, and at the lowest cost in the history of the industry.

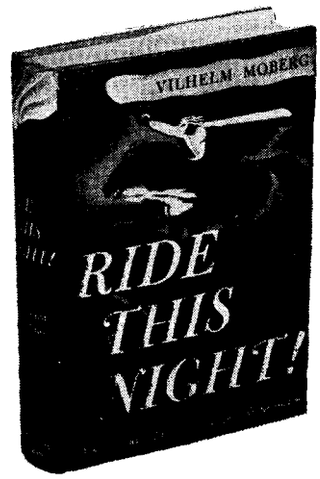
Armed Service Editions will be distributed to units in packages containing one copy each of every title in a given month's group, with the idea that men can exchange titles among themselves after they have read the copy that was given to them originally. Thus, the men at the front will soon be reading not only the best American fiction, and the greatest accounts of the war in every corner of the globe, but will have a chance to ponder over plans for the post-war world, propounded by the leading thinkers of our time. This indeed is a Noble Experiment. . . .

A PUBLISHER now serving in the Air Corps came home on leave last week and brought his young son an airedale puppy. The delighted youngster named it "Hurricane." Two days later, by common consent of the entire family, it was rechristened "P-47." . . . Austin Stevens, of *The Times,* reports that at his Denver base they're trying to cross a carrier pigeon with a woodpecker. The idea is to develop a bird that will not only carry messages but knock on the door when it arrives. . . . The rarest tale of poetic justice comes from dusty Texas, where an erstwhile *New Yorker* cartoonist is laboring in a camouflage unit. A loudmouthed and overbearing officer drove up one day last week, and bawled the daylights out of the entire company. Their efforts, he informed them, wouldn't befuddle a Jap with one eye missing entirely and the other closed by a cataract. "Take down this claptrap," he bellowed, "and start all over again." The officer then climbed into his jeep, and drove smack into the camouflaged headquarters hut. . . . There's a spot on our Fall list for an author named Solomon who has a passing knowledge of current Chinese affairs. I can see the title now, gleaming at the top of the best seller tabulations . . . "The Soongs of Solomons." . . .

BENNETT CERF.

WAR BONDS
Not A Gift But Thrift

WAR BONDS
The Irreducible Minimum



"From Sweden comes this flaming novel, as simple as a folk song, as powerful as a flood, of a people's fight against enslavement. It is a moving and exciting story."
—Philadelphia *Inquirer*

"This book lives. This strong, somberly beautiful book of seventeenth century Sweden is also one of the best about the real issue in the present war."
—N. Y. Times *Book Review*

"Vilhelm Moberg is adept at creating the atmosphere of a world over which falls the long shadow of certain doom. Hatred, hunger, lust, and enslavement to the season's cycle, are the driving forces of the book. But underlying them, oblique yet powerful, is the challenge to Sweden which the author surely intends to imply. The meaning of RIDE THIS NIGHT! unmistakably, is that no price is too high to pay for the heritage of freedom."
—N. Y. *Herald-Tribune Books*

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Inside Greece at War

MIRACLE IN HELLAS; The Greeks Fight On. By Betty Wason. New York: The Macmillan Co. 263 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

BETTY WASON passed through Switzerland two years ago on her way home. She had been ten months in Greece—had been there when the Italians attacked, had watched the incredible progress of the Greeks' counter-drive which pushed Mussolini's legions right back to Albania, had experienced with the Greeks that awful period of waiting before the Germans struck. She was in Athens when the Nazis got there, and remained there for some time because she could not get a visa to get out. Her experience must have been white-hot within her when she arrived in the United States in that same summer; if she had written this book then, it might have been white-hot too.

Miss Wason's account of the war and the life in Athens under the Germans, as she saw it, is interesting and worthwhile. Interesting in that she has some things to tell about fifth-column activities which opened this reader's eyes; worthwhile in that it implies, once again, a lesson we need to learn: that the Greek government which ruled then and which still exists in exile is not the true representative of Greece. This is not made abundantly clear in the book, but is something which any thinking reader can deduce for himself; and certainly, in her admiration of the Greeks who stayed behind to fight it out with the enemy, Miss Wason stands second to none.

But her book leaves this reader cold. Perhaps this is a prejudice. Betty Wason is the first correspondent who has taken the trouble to devote a whole book to Greece. But I personally do not believe that anyone, no matter how well he knows his subject matter, how thorough is his background, can write at a distance a good book about what is happening in a country occupied by Germany.

That is Betty Wason's greatest fault in "Miracle in Hellas." She may follow the fate of Greece in the newspapers; she may have access to scraps of information which do not reach the daily press; she may remember how it was when she was there. But none of these things can really make this book live in the parts which are devoted to telling about Greek resistance now. The reason is simple: Betty Wason has not shared the life of Greece in its most difficult hours—when she left, the long period of trial, the months, the years of occupation, oppression, starvation, and piecemeal resistance had only started.

Miss Wason's book is valuable in that she catalogues the achievements of the Greek guerrillas in a way that has not been done before, simply because no one had taken the trouble to do it. But it is patently synthetic in its attempts to picture to the reader how these things happen. In this sense, Betty Wason does not seem to know her Germans, for whom, after all, this business of revolt and sabotage in occupied countries is not a game but a most deadly business, fully as deadly as it is to the guerrillas who try to disrupt the German rule.

Consider one chapter, "Attack from Mount Oeta." Miss Wason tells this story of a guerrilla raid on the Greek town of Lamia to capture a recently arrived German supply of machine guns as though she had watched it first-hand. Perhaps she got the story from some one who did (though to a newspaperman this must seem unlikely). As told, this raid is as patently fabricated as a Hollywood Grade-B version:

> A girl, Frosso, has been appointed to distract the German patrols, Frosso is not a peasant girl . . . She is of an old aristocratic family, highly educated. After her father had been executed by the Nazis she could not bear the supine life of Athens, and she ran off to join the patriot armies, offering to perform whatever task they might ask of her.
>
> Now, dressed in country costume, wide-swinging skirt, and a bright scarf wrapped around her hair, she strolls through the main street of Lamia, seemingly modest, shy, without ulterior purpose. But when a German soldier of the patrol guard stops her, instead of the sultry, hateful look he would receive from any other Greek girl, Frosso manages to be almost friendly. She speaks to him in German, and he replies, delighted to hear his own language spoken by a native girl . . . She invites him into the house to meet her relatives. . .
>
> Three glasses of *ouzo*, and the German soldier has forgotten all about the arsenal. A fourth glass, and he has forgotten that he is a German, thinks of nothing but Frosso's pretty eyes. So have other soldiers of the patrol guard, wooed from the streets of Lamia by other girls. And as for the sentries surrounding the arsenal, they are distracted by two suspicious-looking characters loitering at the far end of the building . . . A sudden commotion sounds from the other end of the arsenal.
>
> Several hundred patriot warriors now suddenly surround the building. There are scuffles, and casualties fall on both sides. But within half an hour, Greek patriots have snatched quantities of machine guns and borne them off into the night. . .

Betty Wason

Knowing the strong sense of duty and the discipline of the German soldier, and knowing also the normal human caution which any soldier uses instinctively in dealing with inhabitants of an enemy country, I simply cannot believe this story of German patrols being wooed from their posts by dark-eyed Greek girls. I don't quite see how Betty Wason can believe it either. She makes, generally speaking, the common mistake of sizing the German up as "wooden" or "robot-like," which he isn't, but she should be more observant than this. And in some instances she shows that she is.

> The German conquerors thought by such obvious gestures (of friendship) as these they could win the people to their side . . . But they have no understanding of human nature. They cannot get it into their heads that other people than the Germans have thoughts, feelings, pride. They cannot realize that dreams, honor, revenge enter into the stuff of human beings; that humans everywhere, whether Greeks, Norwegians, Russians, or Chinese, will fight to the death for that inexplicable ideal called freedom.

This is a very pertinent observation. It is, in fact, the basic reason why the Nazi New Order has failed throughout Europe. It is an observation made by Betty Wason on the spot, when she watched the Nazis herself in the first weeks of occupation in Athens. And it is a pity that she didn't confine her book to such things that she actually saw and observed herself, without weakening her story with synthetic reconstructions of guerrilla battles being waged thousands of miles away from where she sat and wrote.

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Women at W. R.

WILLOW RUN. By Glendon Swarthout. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 1943. 237 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE narrative part of this story has generally the same motivation as "Twenty-Six Men and a Girl," except that, instead of being conceived with twenty-six Russian bakers, the author is occupied with five mechanics in the Willow Run bomber plant where the girl herself works on the Plexi-Glass for the turrets. The girl and four of the men are riders with the fifth man, Terry, the only one of the men on whom Charmaine does not have a disastrous effect. His simple notion of romance is completely satisfied by his wife.

Joe the Sweeper, the Hermes of the night shift for the whole plant, carries to each of the other four men, the news that "the infidelity of women is awful these days," not so much because he wants to peddle a juicy and unfounded item about Charmaine, but because he has a new big word with a phrase to use it in; but the results are none the less tragic. As he goes about the plant, he visits each of the departments in which the parts for the assembly of the B-24 are being fabricated, so that the story of the plane runs along with the small tragedy of Charmaine's admirers.

The factory scenes and processes, while they are so styled and staccato that they are sometimes exceedingly confusing, are much more interesting than the drama. The lunch hour at 3:20 A.M.; the two dwarfs in the wing; the washroom customs; all of the "inside" of the operations of the tremendous plant are both topical and graphic, though the syntax is frequently reminiscent of the power plant or machine shop "music" of some of the Russian moderns.

The story, slight enough, is undeveloped even as a slight story. The author seems to be more interested in the plant and the plane, as the reader is very likely to be.

Walter Lippmann

writes at white heat of America's future place in the world

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The Papers of Mr. Justice Holmes

THE MIND AND FAITH OF JUSTICE HOLMES. His Speeches, Essays, Letters and Judicial Opinions. Selected and Edited with Introduction and Commentary by Max Lerner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 474 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

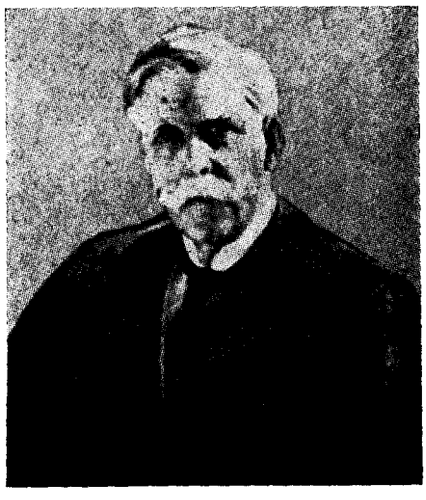
MORE has been written about Mr. Justice Holmes than about any other jurist, save perhaps John Marshall, who reached the eminence of the Supreme Court of the United States. Much of the discussion of Holmes as a lawyer with a style, and of a judge whose opinions were the most influential when they were dissents, was carried on while he was alive. Twenty years ago, when he still had a decade of even more fruitful service before him, he achieved the doubtful recognition of having his constitutional doctrines the subject of a pedestrian dissertation for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

By and large, however, Mr. Justice Holmes has been fortunate in his principal interpreters. Historians, economists, and lawyers who had something to say and who knew how to say it have discussed his legal opinions and philosophy. Charles A. Beard, Walton Hamilton, Harold Laski, Benjamin Cardoza, Felix Frankfurter—who could wish for better interpreters to readers who admired the critics as well as their subjects? Mr. Max Lerner (who belongs in this galaxy) now gives us an anthology that includes the quintessence of Holmes, and prefaces it with an admirable biographical sketch.

From Mr. Holmes's own writings there are selections from his occasional speeches, all of which were gems; from "The Common Law"; from the opinions delivered while he was on the Massachusetts Bench; and from fifty of his more notable Supreme Court judgments and dissents. Mr. Lerner interpolates enough of the background for the layman to understand the significance of Holmes's views, and adds judicious comments and bibliographical aid which will be useful to the student of constitutional law.

Included also are selections from some of Holmes's later writings on judges and the law, and from his correspondence with William James, Sir Frederick Pollock, and John C. H. Wu, a young Chinese law student in the United States with whom Holmes exchanged letters from 1921 to 1932.

As Mr. Lerner says, the publication of the Holmes-Pollock letters was "the most important single scholarly event in the study" of the American jurist's thought and personality. "Holmes made of his letters a minor art" but not infrequently in the letters the reader comes on luminous observations which deserve the description that Mr. Lerner applies to Holmes as a phrase-maker. He could "fashion a phrase that leaves a scar on us because the idea and the experience behind the phrase have been whittled over years to a fatal sharpness." Thus, apropos of Tocqueville's "Ancien Régime," Holmes wrote to Wu in 1924: "The men who teach us to disbelieve general propositions are only less valuable than those who encourage us to make them. It is merely as an illustration of the danger of obvious truths in politics that I recommend it." That judgment merits pondering by statesmen and publicists.



—From the painting by Charles S. Hopkinson
Mr. Justice Holmes

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Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

If you want to make a respectable score on this quiz, we suggest that you first take time out and re-read "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." But if you try the quiz first, the chances are you'll re-read those delightful volumes anyway, so either way you win! Here then are 20 unforgettable speeches by various characters in the stories. But can you remember who said them? Nine correctly identified is par, 12 is very good, 15 or better is excellent. Answers on page 21.

1. Curiouser and curiouser!
2. *Everybody* has won, and *all* must have prizes.
3. It was the *best* butter.
4. Off with their heads!
5. Everything's got a moral, if you can only find it.
6. I only took the regular course . . . the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.
7. No! No! Sentence first—verdict afterwards.
8. In most gardens they make the beds too soft—so that the flowers are always asleep.
9. A slow sort of country! Now, *here,* you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place.
10. What's the use of their having names if they won't answer to them?
11. If you think we're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!
12. The time has come . . . to talk of many things: of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages—and kings.
13. The rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday—but never jam *today.*
14. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.
15. When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.
16. A minute goes by so fearfully quick. You might as well try to stop a Bandersnatch!
17. It's as large as life, and twice as natural!
18. Well, now that we have seen each other, if you'll believe in me, I'll believe in you. Is that a bargain?
19. It's my own invention.
20. Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards.

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(*Continued from page* 6)

commitments? We were still depending in large part upon British (or Anglo-American) control of the seas and upon the political order which had prevailed in Europe and the Far East during the nineteenth century. But that political order was undergoing profound changes which we failed to recognize or recognized only grudgingly. Britain was losing her industrial primacy upon which, in the last analysis, her imperial strength depended; this was pointed out prophetically by Sir Halford Mackinder forty years ago, when the British people were being lulled into a false sense of security by the teachings of Mahan. At about the same time, Germany and Japan emerged as industrial, colonial, and naval powers, upsetting the delicate equilibrium of Europe and the Far East. And—what Mr. Lippmann does not discuss—there were in the process of development new weapons (the submarine and the airplane and the submarine mine) which were undermining the traditional foundations of British sea power and American invulnerability.

Theodore Roosevelt had a keen realization of what was going on around him and sought to make the United States power-conscious. But he was succeeded by Taft and Wilson, whose mental habits, says Mr. Lippmann,

> were formed in that period of illusory isolation which had lasted from 1823 to 1898. Both were idealists who habitually rejected the premises of the politics of power. Both disliked armaments. In them the idealism which prompts Americans to make large and resounding commitments was combined with the pacifism which causes Americans to shrink from the measures of force that are needed to support the commitments. Neither promoted the preparation of armaments in time of peace. Both accepted reluctantly and tardily the need to arm. Both abhorror as inherently vicious and unnecessary, and as contrary to American principles, the formation of alliances. But both favored a League of Nations in which the United States assumed the obligation to enforce peace. Thus the seeds of a genuine foreign policy, which Theodore Roosevelt planted, never matured.

Wilson was particularly responsible for the frustration and disillusionment which followed the First World War. Mr. Lippmann thinks that we entered the war in 1917 because we saw clearly that a victory for Germany would undermine the foundations and the superstructure of American security. Here, again, he is on sound ground. But

> President Wilson avoided this explanation of his decision to intervene, choosing instead to base his decision upon the specific legal objection to unrestricted submarine warfare and upon a generalized moral objection to lawless and cruel aggression. But these superficial reasons for the declaration of war would never have carried the day if a majority of the people had not recognized intuitively, and if some Americans [including Walter Lippmann, then a young editor of *The New Republic*] had not seen clearly, what the threatened victory would mean to the United States.

It is infantilism to think that international bankers or foreign propagandists had anything to do with these fundamental considerations.

In short, we entered a war in 1917 without knowing precisely why. And we made a peace which failed because, like our declaration of war, the Treaty and the League were not explained in terms which were understandable and defensible to us as a people: the terms of military security and those arrangements which are prerequisite to it.

Americans were ill-prepared, therefore, for the rise of Hitlerism and the formation of the Axis alliance against the United States. We were seeing mirages, not harsh realities, during the past ten years. The mirages of pacifism, of disarmament, of collective security, which led us to disarm ourselves materially and morally without disarming our enemies. The mirage of "no entangling alliances," which is a slogan torn from its context and without substance when examined in the light of American history. Above all, the mirage of isolationism, which is not a policy, but "the worst of all predicaments." Most of what we did from 1919 to 1941 gave the fascist powers reason for thinking that we would not fight, even if we were wantonly attacked.

Now, what is the meaning of all this for the present and the future? Once more, as in 1917, we have joined an alliance engaged in fighting common enemies—this time we are not an "associated" power but we are "united" with our friends. The character of the unity of the United Nations will determine the length of the war and the permanence of the victory. It will decide whether we are capable of learning the inescapable lessons of history.

Since 1939 our commitments have been still further extended, into the Caribbean, into South America, into the North Atlantic, into the South Pacific. Surely, we must have learned that there cannot be another great war which will not engulf us, once

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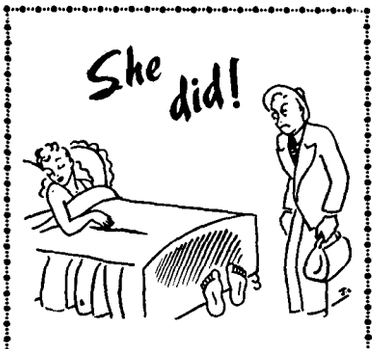

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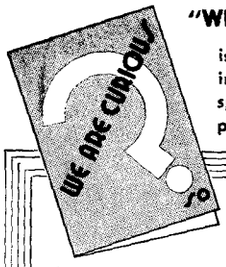

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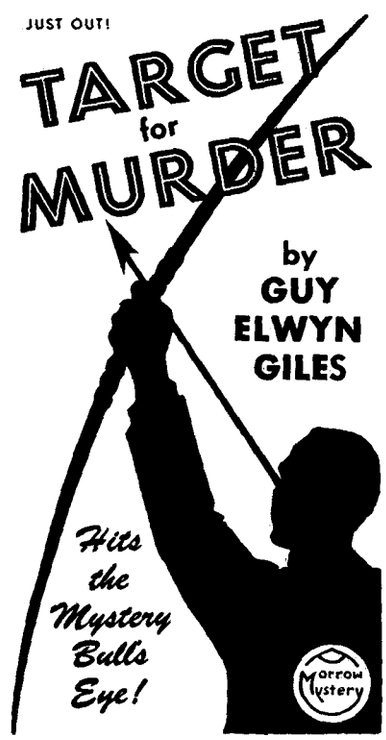
by GUY ELWYN GILES



more, compelling us to fight at a time and place not of our own choosing. This can be avoided only if we take stock of our commitments and calculate the forces which will be available to us in the discharge of our obligations. Mr. Lippmann makes it indisputably clear that, even if we became a garrison state and expended all our substance on that elusive thing "adequate defense," we should still fall far short of the imperatives of the time. Only by a firm alliance with Great Britain and Russia can we hope to assure to ourselves the preponderance of physical and moral force essential to American security. Alliance with Great Britain will enable us to defend the great civilization which borders on the Atlantic; alliance with Russia will give us an indispensable reënforcement on the continent of Europe against any recurrence of German aggression. But neither Britain nor Russia is exclusively an Asiatic or exclusively a European power. Hence the proposed alliance would guarantee us security as a world power, which we are in fact, whatever we may choose to think. Military and civil aviation are helping us to realize that our conventional methods of thought are no longer applicable to the situation which confronts us.

There is a good deal of loose talk these days about British imperialism as an obstacle to Anglo-American understanding. Even so able and sensible an observer as Mr. Willkie is guilty of careless generalizations in this regard. The truth is that the breakup of the British Empire would be a disaster of first magnitude to the United States—a disaster even greater than the decline of British seapower, for Anglo-American seapower has largely been built upon Britain's control of certain strategic positions the world over. In an age of air power, every position which Britain continues to hold is to our advantage. Every position which we hold is to the advantage of Great Britain. Of course, we wish British imperialism to be enlightened, just as our own relations with other peoples must be enlightened. But even the Filipinos have learned in the recent tragic events that unconditional independence may glitter but is not necessarily gold, especially if it leads a great power and its less powerful allies to ignore the fundamental principles of military security. Whatever we may call the tie that binds the British possessions together, we must recognize the fact that the Empire is a force for order in the world. In general, the interests of the United States demand that the security of Britain and her possessions be guaranteed. In general, the interests of Britain demand that Britain and the Dominions contribute to the security of the Americas and American possessions. And, in addition, it would be well not to forget that we are people of similar ideals, institutions, and aspirations. These moral imponderables count heavily in the scheme of things.

But affinity of ideals is not necessarily an indispensable condition of political collaboration. As Lord Salisbury said about fifty years ago, "similarity of political faith is no more indicative of a useful ally than similarity of religious faith would be. Politics is a matter of business; our allies should be those who are most likely to help or not to hinder the interests of which we, as a government, are the trustees." It is on the basis of coincidence of interest rather than coincidence of political institutions that an alliance with Russia should be based. Whether we like it or not,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TRADEMARK OF A TRAITOR *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders, kidnappings, and Nazi plots in Central America foiled by stalwart Yankee and his sweetheart.	Spine-tingling intrigue stuff with pleasant infusion of romance, convincing hero, and plenty of action.	Good
DEATH WEARS A SCARAB *Amelia Reynolds Long* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Wife of wealthy collector of Egyptian relics slain, valuable scroll vanishes and another murder follows. Steve Carter investigates.	Lavish supply of paraphernalia, mummies, etc. and good finish, but story as whole doesn't quite jell.	Average
BLOOD ON THE BLACK MARKET *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Mike Shayne, imperilling life as usual, solves murder mystery hinging on undercover traffic in gas.	Shayne fans may wonder at unexplained death of sleuth's young wife—between volumes—otherwise typical hard-bitten, fight-filled Shayne yarn.	Exciting

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Russia will emerge from this war as the dominant power in Europe and, conceivably, the dominant power in Asia. Her military potential—particularly her tremendous growth in population and in industrial resources—makes her either a prospective friend of great usefulness or an enemy of appalling strength. Mr. Lippmann makes a convincing case for an alliance with Russia.

The proposed Anglo-American-Russian alliance is, in Mr. Lippmann's view, an essential first step in any scheme of world organization. A League of Nations will work only if its most powerful members are determined to make it work. And they will be determined to make it work, only if they are firmly wedded as a family within a larger family. Mr. Lippmann sees no hope for peace or for the security of the United States except through firm political arrangements with our present allies. If the members of such an alliance are successful in common action toward common ends, "the adequate alliance to which they belong will either be unchallenged, and they will have peace without fighting for it, or they will be invincible and they will have peace after a victorious war. To be one against the many is the danger, to be among the many against the one is security."

There are respects in which Mr. Lippmann might have amplified his argument. He says little about the interrelationships of military policy and economic policy in an overall nation strategy. He gives some, but inadequate, attention to changing military technology—especially aviation—as it affects our position in the world.

But this book is exciting reading. It will make friends and will influence people.

TARZAN REALISM

(*Continued from page 4*)

"One World." So it must be suggested that something strange has happened to him. He is losing his grip on the "realities" of life. He is getting into deep water. Perhaps he had a religious conversion during his global tour. Perhaps he is trying to get back into the Democratic party.

But the myopics notwithstanding, this new Marco Polo has to be reckoned with. This author whose book has passed the million mark is evidently speaking for millions. "America must choose one of three courses after this war: narrow nationalism, which inevitably means the loss of our own liberty; international imperialism, which means the sacrifice of some other nation's liberty; or the creation of a world in which there shall be an equality of opportunity for every race and every nation. I am convinced the American people will choose, by overwhelming majority, the last of these courses." Never, never, says Tarzan.

The self-styled realist is consistent to the end. He can be counted on to oppose any attempt to throw off the shackles of the past. He can be counted on to argue in the same old way against—the Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, the war for the preservation of the Union, the League of Nations, and the present plans for world order. Perhaps he should not be blamed any more than a near-sighted person is blamed for his affliction. But near-sightedness is mainly a personal handicap, whereas mental myopia—especially in high places—is a public catastrophe. It undermines morale, it poisons international understanding, it makes any bold step into the future impossible.

There is a healthier, full-blooded realism which envisages man's strength as well as his weakness, his ideals as well as his impulses, his achievements as well as his errors. There is a realism which says that man lives "by admiration, hope, and love" more than he lives by doubt, despair, and hate. There is a scholarly, documented realism which points toward a peaceful world order as a next possible step in world history.

If the myopic realist will condescend to strain his eyes for a few hours, let him read Hans Kohn's "World Order in Historical Perspective" and let him ponder such a passage as this: "Important periods of history are characterized by the circumference within which the sympathy of man extends. These limits are neither fixed nor permanent, and changes in them are accompanied by great crises." Then if our hard-boiled friend has survived this ordeal, he may study "Let the People Know," by Sir Norman Angell. This is a cool book, a clear book, and it has a simple thesis. "The war has come because of the extreme political conservatism inherent in nationalism and isolationism; owing to the refusal to surrender sufficient of national sovereignty to make possible an international society." And more wars will come unless an international society is established. Without order in the world at large, there can now be no lasting security or prosperity at home.

For a final lift out of the quicksands of caution and cynicism one may turn to "A Time for Greatness," by Herbert Agar—historian, editor, crusader. Here, too, is that happy combination of critical analysis and imaginative daring which our country needs so desperately. And here we may end, as Agar ends, with words of Abraham Lincoln: "Fellow-citizens, *we* cannot escape history. . . . The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Alice
2. The Dodo
3. The March Hare
4. The Queen of Hearts
5. The Duchess
6. The Mock Turtle
7. The Queen of Hearts
8. The Tiger Lily
9. The Red Queen
10. The Gnat
11. Tweedledum
12. The Walrus
13. The White Queen
14. The White Queen
15. Humpty Dumpty
16. The White King
17. Haigha
18. The Unicorn
19. The White Knight
20. The Red Queen

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The Phoenix Nest

The Tidings

"CONFIRM the tidings as they roll
And spread the tax from poll to poll!"

The House was great in its loud debate,
And the Goober Man from the Goober State,
Full of hate for the small and great,
Fought the Civil War, and waxed irate.

A red-haired drawler shouted of schism,
A half-wit ranted of Communism;
And a sailor sat aloft in the gallery.
He didn't belong, he drew no salary.

But at last he rose, and asked for the floor.
He said, "You're refighting the Civil War.
Do you know what *we* are fighting for?
Let us be heard, I ask no more!

"Where under the Flag is your legal right
To tax us to vote who aren't taxed to fight?"
The Sergeant-at-Arms then showed him the door . . .
That's what our sailors are fighting for.

The sanest word since debate began
Was by a Negro Congressman:
"May all citizens have a right to say
Who shall govern them!" he asked that day.

They had ramped and rambled and tried to kill
Democracy. They had yawped their fill.
But, loath and at last, they passed the Bill,
For a fighting man with a fighting will.

But Bilbo's going to kill that Bill.
Senator B. from Poplarville.
Think that he will, bo?
You don't know Bilbo.
He has declar'd that he can and will.

Bilbo's a feller you can't fluster.
Bilbo's goin' to filibuster.
First to the muster on the roster,
Bilbo's going to kill that Bill!

Bilbo's settin' up late o' nights
Burnin' with ardor fer ol' States Rights.
In at the kill, bo,
That's "The Man," Bilbo;
Boy, will he have their liver and lights!

Bilbo's goin' to talk a year,
Talk on Congress a big tin ear.
Let the War go tootin'
While Bilbo's shootin'!
Where in the world is his matchless peer!

Bilbo's trumpet's a ringing brass.
Where's Samson's jawbone of an ass?
He's God's own mayhem,
And, boy, will he slay 'em!
Proud and haughty, he shows his class.

Light the State high above the Nation,
Make 'em pay before all Creation.
Hi Yippi Yippi! Is *this* Mississippi,
The Bayou State, so proud of her station?

Bilbo knows his hogs and his shoats;
It's legal the poor should pay for their votes.
Strict Immunity! Down
With Disunity!
Save the sheep from the pauperized goats!

The great majority of the people
Disenfranchisement 'll keep ill—
Quite unable to pay their dues—
So how can the politicians lose?

Bilbo's goin' to kill that Bill.
You better believe that he can and will . . .
While black and white push on with the fight,
And the dead in the desert lie so still.

One of my oldest friends, colonel of an infantry regiment in Africa, has just received the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Tunisia. He is Colonel d'Alary Fechet of the Fifth Army, and his Uncle James was a major general and former chief of the United States Army Air Corps. His father was a high ranking officer in the old Signal Corps, once served in the Egyptian Army, and was the handsomest man on horseback I have ever seen. There was a legend that he once tangled with a saw-mill, as a boy up in Michigan, breaking nearly every bone in his body. His own father, a local surgeon, reset every bone. And when they gave him a physical for entrance to West Point the doctors couldn't find even a scar! When he told them, they said it was the most extraordinary work they had ever seen; to say nothing of being able to rebuild your own son! High courage runs in the family; so I am not at all surprised that the boy I used to ride horseback with along the Carquinez Straits in California is now an Army officer of two wars—in the last one he commanded a machine gun battalion—who recently led his regiment to victory, though seriously wounded at the time. (He is now on the mend.) It is the kind of thing that makes you proud of your own kind of American, fighting for a humane and honorable world.

Way back in January, George Dilkes, once of this magazine and now in the service, sent me the poem that follows, and I have been meaning to print it ever since. It is a translation, dedicated to our fallen airmen. The translator says that it has been called "successfully archaic" and that it was necessary to give a Chaucerian and Marlovian stress, and broad *a*, to words like "courage" and "youngness." The poem is

ICARUS
BY PHILIPPE DESPORTES
(1545-1606)

Young Icarus dropped here, audacious wight,
To soar in sky he had a great courage:
Here fell his body stripped of brave plumage,
Leaving stout hearts to envy of his flight.

O blessèd labor of that dauntless soul,
Who drew so great a gain from small damage!
Oh blessèd sorrow full of avantage,
That from defeat rent forth a victor's goal!

So new a road dismayed not his youngness,
His power failed, but not his hardiness;
And burned he was, but in fair heaven's womb.

He died pursuing highest aventure;
The sky his hope, the sea his sepulture:
There is no lovelier scene, no richer tomb.

Concerning Mrs. Stowe

At the time that Fields, Osgood & Co. of Boston were bringing out "The Adventures of Caleb Williams" by William Godwin in paper covers for fifty cents, (the year 1870) they were also publishing Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Lady Byron Vindicated," in which she referred to Godwin's book, saying that Byron felt toward his Wife as Falkland felt toward Caleb Williams! The other day, in the year of the play "Harriet" (which I have not yet seen), I procured "Harriet's" book on Lady Byron, which roused such a storm of controversy in its time. Now I am told that Mrs. Stowe herself wrote the second-act curtain speech for the Ryerson-Clements play about her: a matter of exact quotation.

My blue and buff Colonial, Moses Gramling, left the following on my desk the other day:

THE PATRIOTS
(Government Contract)

All we desire is just the maximum profit,
With the least possible risk of any loss.
Yes, our determination remains invincible
To abide by that tested economic principle.
The sacrifice involved? Think nothing of it!
Don't we accept the Government as our Boss?
No limitation, you know—no commandeering!
Down in the streets there, listen to the cheering!
Those are Our Boys, Our Boys, who go to fight
The lords of loot and gangster arrogance—
What they must think of this vile labor ruction,
Striking for raises and slowing down production—!
We invoke Free Enterprise as a sacred right!
You merely advance the money to build the plants
(To give their blood and win our world salvation!)
And, at the least, a five-year amortization.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Crostics Club

INCLUDED in a list of telling words sent me by Ted Robinson of *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* is *mundungus,* defined as "tobacco having an offensive smell." It is labeled *obsolete.* Don't you think this the sort of obsolete word that should be revived? At any rate, I'm going to use it.

Not long ago a DCer sent me a postal with the word *noachian* underscored as an utterly useless word in a DC. Hence it has been a pleasant vindication to find it in an editorial comment by a metropolitan daily on *Mr. Churchill's Accent.*

Yesterday I was tantalizingly amazed to discover that the 182 letters of a quotation I was using contained but one *s* when I needed two. The situation was saved, legitimately, I thought, when I was able to substitute a *should* in *ought to have.*

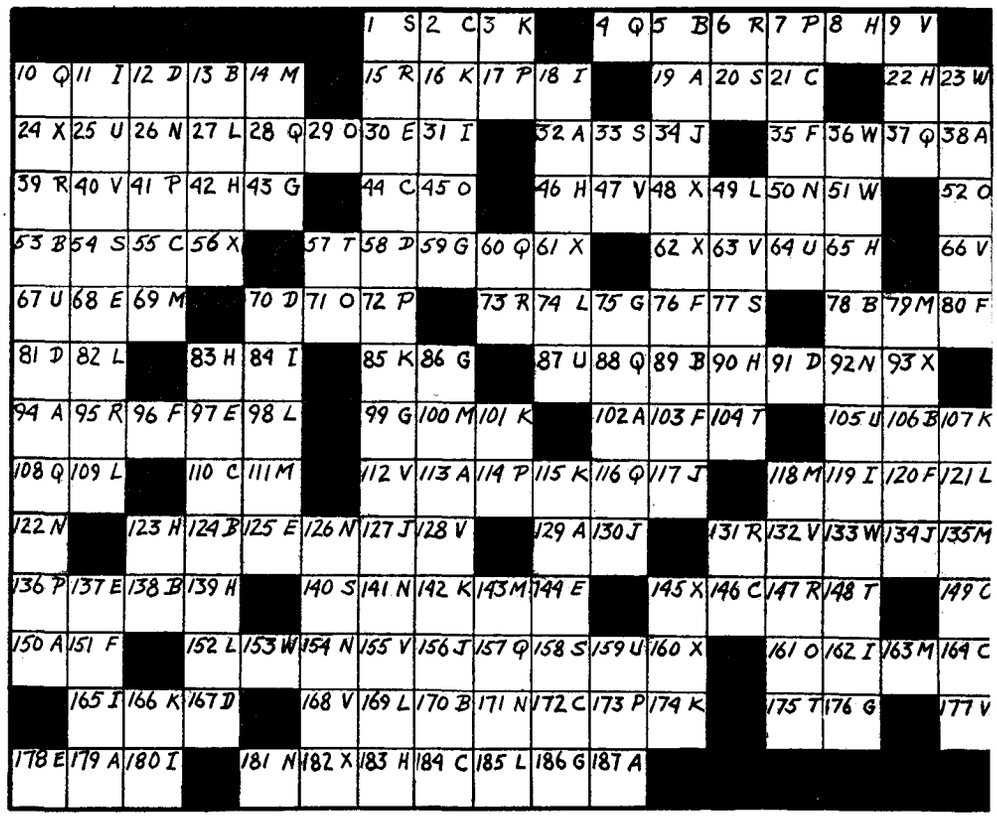
The next selection with which I worked gave me such a joyously balanced mixture of letters that I introduced riotously a half dozen hard words. That's how it happens!

Our mail was enriched lately by a letter from Lt.-Colonel John D. Kilpatrick, Honolulu, who writes: "You have no conception of the value of DCs as an escape until you experience total blackouts such as we have had in Hawaii since the blitz of Dec. 7, 1941." He confesses to the use of an imposing list of reference books, adding, "Why not? It's fun and if one does accumulate a mental store of trivia there's no harm done." Then with amusing comment, he lops off the *e* in my spelling of Cape Ann in the mention of lobster salad there one summer.

Our genial Will Irwin, we are happy to report, is back home revived from a hospital stay for a heart ailment. Penciled from the hospital and forwarded with a footnote by his wife, Inez Haynes Irwin, is part of a typically jolly, warm-hearted letter I share with you:

"Here lies the undersigned, condemned to bed for seven weeks or so with no symptoms which seem to him to justify such a sentence and with a set of remarkably nice nurses instructed to shoot first and ask questions second in case he raises his head. My sole remaining joy has been the double-crostics . . . which take more time than usual because, having no books of reference here, I am forced into the ranks of the highbrows. (By the way, I tried that system years ago and had finally to quit because the hard ones were taking up too much time. When I quit the score was 36-6 in my favor.)" And he wishes me well not only "among the highbrows who practise 'plain living and high thinking,' but in the lowly cots of the proletariat!"

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 481

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Provincialism in diction.

B. Turgid; bombastic (comp.)

C. A mongoose (esp. one of ancient Egypt).

D. German chemist (1803-73) (Father of agricultural chemistry).

E. A glacial divide or crest from which ice moves in opposite directions (2 wds.)

F. Spirit as opposed to matter (Hindu philos.)

G. Plaits, crumps, or flutes, as lace, paper, etc. (vb.)

H. Not subjected to blows or struggling.

I. Interrogation for rhetorical effect (Rhet.)

J. Brother of Freia *(Das Rheingold).*

K. Swedish chemist (1857-1927; Nobel prize in 1903).

L. Sinister; clumsy (comp.)

M. Pertaining to movement.

N. Harmonious; comformable (*with* or *to*).

O. Emits violent puffs (dog or horse).

P. River in Scotland into the Tweed.

Q. Abhorrent; odious.

R. Strews with scattered articles.

S. A fossil footprint (Paleontol.)

T. A province or department of modern Greece.

U. To suit; to follow mentally (2 wds.)

V. Trials of skill in a series with many contestants.

W. Expanded as a bird's wing (Her.); manifest.

X. A point of the compass.

WORDS

94 113 19 32 38 150 129 179 102 187

13 124 138 53 170 5 106 78 89

172 55 2 110 21 146 164 44 184

81 58 167 70 91 12

137 97 30 125 178 68 144

35 80 76 120 151 103 96

59 86 99 176 75 186 43

183 139 83 90 22 46 8 65 42 123

18 162 119 165 84 180 11 31

34 130 117 156 134 127

16 101 107 166 3 85 115 142 174

121 98 169 185 74 152 49 109 27 82

143 100 118 79 69 111 14 163 135

126 50 181 141 26 122 171 92 154

52 149 71 45 161 29

136 72 114 173 7 41 17

108 37 4 157 60 28 116 10 88

6 39 15 73 95 147 131

54 140 20 33 158 1 77

148 175 57 104

87 159 105 64 25 67

177 132 63 47 112 168 128 155 40 66 9

23 133 51 36 153

160 182 24 61 56 93 48 62 145

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Won't You Step Into My Parlor?

By DENT SMITH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'll not beat about the bush, it's subscriptions I'm after.

You've heard of the Seven Lives of Ely Culbertson? Well, I lead only six. This morning I called together the Editor of *Encore*, the Publisher, the Business Manager, the Office Boy, the Chief Contributor and the Chief Clark, and I said to myselves, "Listen, folks,"—that "folks" was just to show them how cool I could be in a crisis—"listen, you complacent quacks, so far it's been only a hobby, but seeing as how the high cost of hobbies is getting higher every day we've got to come alive. We've been printing the blasted magazine for eighteen months and haven't got enough subscriptions to fill a hatbox. Why don't some of you stir yourselves? Why should I stand the losses while you sit around grinning so damn delighted?"

"If I may make so bold as to say so, sir," said the chief clark, "it might not come amiss to throw out a hook for subscribers. I calculate all six of you—or should I say of us?—will otherwise come to grief."

"Don't know but what the clark's right," said the publisher. "We'll advertise, that's what."

"Right!" exclaimed the business manager. "Public's a yokel, you got to feed 'em yokel-bait. Results prove it, so we'll turn on the customary ballyhoo. Mail the coupon *NOW*; help a poor boy through college; on the 'must' list; a quart of vodka or a hair from Mohammed's beard *FREE* with each trial subscription to be sold at ruinous rates. This abject kind of cajolery—promises, bribes, entreaties, grovellings, interspersed with the usual bombast—is what it takes to fetch 'em and that's how we'll seduce 'em."

At these words I burst into a fit of tears. "Gentlemen," I said upon recovering my composure, "bounders, snake-charmers, you misapprehend. *Encore* will not stoop to such low practices; they are out of keeping with its character, and besides we don't want as readers the morons and dastards who respond to cheap appeals."

"Did you say 'dastards?'" the office boy timidly inquired.

"I admit," I said, "to a slight impediment of speech. However, what would Aristotle or Moses or Voltaire or any of our other authors think? No, my fine feathered buzzards, we'll tell a good, straight story. We'll make a radical reform in the art of subscription-selling. We'll even tell the truth!"

THAT GOOD, STRAIGHT STORY

Encore is a publication masquerading as a magazine when, in point of fact, it's a paper-covered book. It is issued monthly. These books taken together constitute the rapidly-growing *Encore* Library.

Encore is an anthology.

It is the Anthology of the Month.

It is the Anthology-of-the-Month Club.

It is a hodge-podge of selections from the writings of Aristotle and P. T. Barnum, of King James I and Ambrose Bierce, of Joseph Smith and H. L. Mencken, and so on to infinity. An *Encore* addict never bats an eye at anything; he knows that next month Horatio Alger, like as not, will be cheek by jowl with Ovid, Rousseau, King Solomon and Jesse James.

It is a literary museum.

It is a work of reference, indexed semi-annually by authors and by titles.

It is a painless education; but its purpose is not educational.

It is designed as entertainment for readers who are already equipped with an education.

It is heterodox, heretical and worldly.

It eschews causes of all kinds.

It seldom makes an effort to be opportune or timely; and it never swings aboard bandwagons.

It is concerned with literature, good, bad, and indifferent—not with current events.

It disdains to make capital out of the war by cashing in purely on patriotic sentiment.

It does not aspire to be everybody's magazine.

It is the delight of judicious readers and the despair of all blockheads and stuffed shirts.

It is a digest-size publication without being a digest; nothing is condensed, nothing synopsized.

"It is," says Bennett Cerf, "the most unusual magazine venture in America today."

"It is," say its readers, "a feast."

It sells, when it sells, for a quarter.

Its subscription rates are $3.00 for one year, $5.00 for two. The move most advantageous for new readers is to subscribe for two years, dating the subscription back to begin with the first number (February, 1942). Such a subscription would expire with the issue of January, 1944. Big inroads have already been made on the reserve of back numbers; soon it will be impossible to obtain an unbroken file of *Encore*.

Encore

DENT SMITH
Editor

DON'T MAIL THE COUPON TODAY UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE IT

Gentlemen:

I feel like it. Enroll me as a cash customer (payment herewith) at once, but only with the distinct understanding that, if for any reason or no reason I should notify you to cancel my subscription, you will forward me a check, subject to neither debate nor delay, to cover the pro-rata amount applicable to any issues not already sent. I elect to subscribe as indicated by a check-mark in one of the three squares below.

☐ Two years for $5.00. Send me a complete file of *Encore* to date (18 issues) and each subsequent issue through January, 1944.

☐ One year for $3.00, beginning with the ..... issue.

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